THE MORAL ATHLETE . . . BY RALPH BARTON PERRY

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Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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by John Steinbeck
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"SOCIAL-ECONOMIC MOVEMENTS"
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SEEING THINGS
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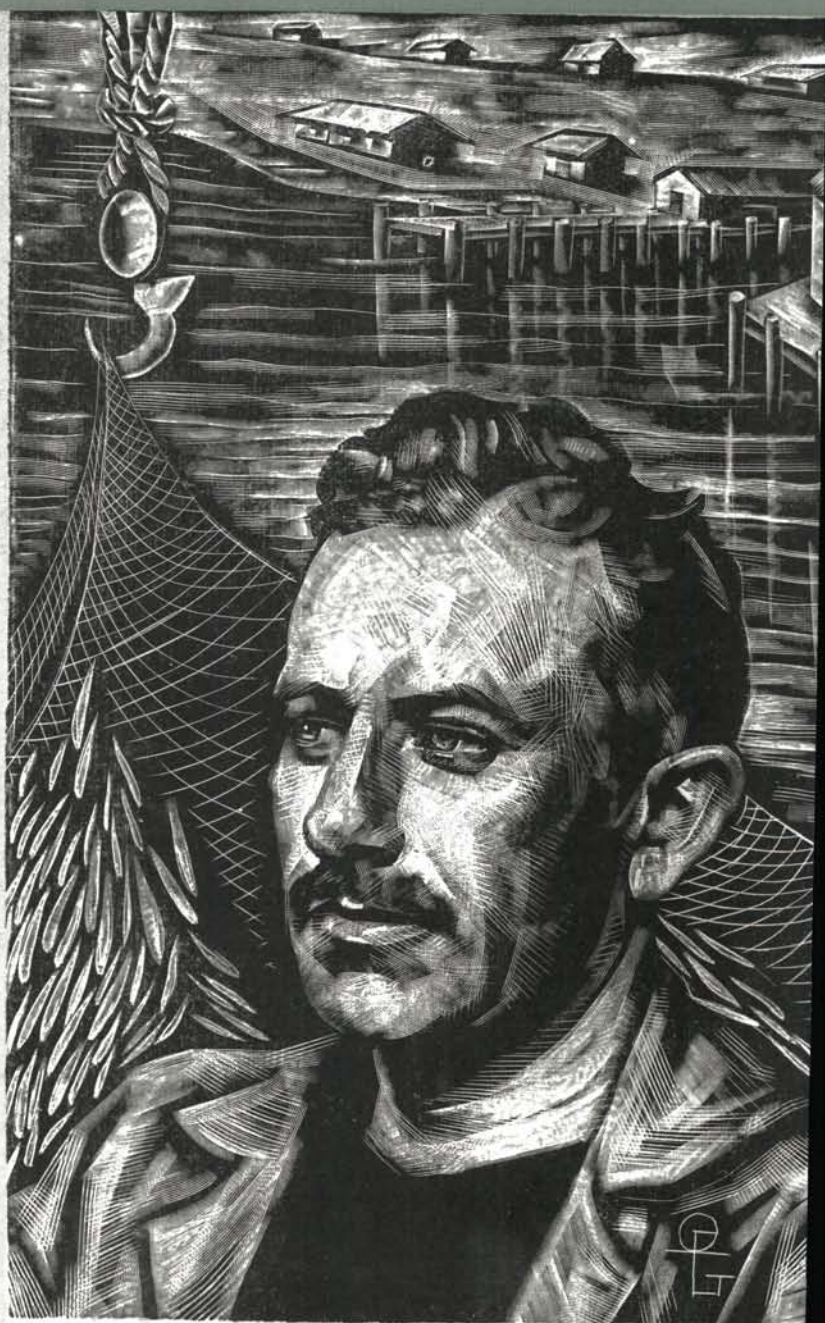

—SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield

JOHN STEINBECK "goes back in style and substance to those other little brilliant tales he wrote." (See page 5)

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Garland for a New Year

AROUND THE CORNER from our office, in Gramercy Park, lives Elizabeth C. Moore, editor, author and friend whom we see and work with constantly. Two or three times a week we pick up the phone and say to her, "Can you stop around? We have something here for you." It may be a new manuscript in our MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY SERIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, or more proofs of Robert Haven Schauffler's SCHUMANN, or a book for which we need a masterly set of indexes (such as Joseph Wood Krutch's SAMUEL JOHNSON, the most exhaustively indexed book on our list). Elizabeth Moore is a superb scholar and editor. Her specialty is music, but her editorial interests and abilities are manifold, ranging from ancient history to shaggy dog stories. Hers is the joy of true scholarship; to her, verifying facts and tracking down curious incidents are as exhilarating as the chase of the Colfax fox was to the Bolinvars; and the accuracy of a manuscript, when finally assured, gives her the maximum satisfaction.

THE ORGANIZATION of facts, too, has zest for her. One day, on a visit to our offices just over five years ago, she was talking in her usual spirited fashion about many matters. She chanced to mention something she had just noticed: that Beethoven, Franck, Berlioz, MacDowell, and Sibelius all had December birthdays; maybe some calendar company would be interested in putting out a "Great Composers' Birthdays" number? We promptly asked, "Could it be a book?" And from that day the idea grew—headstrong, she called it—becoming almost over night the nucleus of a book we published in the following year, AN ALMANAC FOR MUSIC-LOVERS. Its original purpose—to supply interesting anniversary dates in music—was still its primary purpose; but it had acquired others as it grew under her hand.

MRS. MOORE not only gathered the dates of birth and death of composers, and then of performers, conductors, and critics; she added the dates of important premières, and finally a number of entries about men and events not strictly musical, because it seems to her that most books on music are too prone to ignore the connection between music and contemporary activities in other fields. She tried to show composers, performers, and works in the framework in which they belong. For instance, the opening page in AN ALMANAC FOR MUSIC-LOVERS, headed JANUARY 1, has as its first entry: "1735—Birth of the American patriot and silversmith Paul Revere, who engraved the music for *A Collection of the Best Psalm Tunes* (1764), a fine example of early American music-printing." Here, too, though the reader will recognize the great names of the past, he will also meet names he never heard of. We quote from the Introduction: "Artists and conductors of the pre-gramophone past . . . now mean little or nothing to the average music-lover . . . A man may, as conductor, have done more than any other to give Americans of the Grant era their first contact with fine orchestral music: but the mention of his name today will evoke from the musical youngster only the question, 'But who was Theodore Thomas?' To bring such figures to the front of the stage, if even for a moment, is not the least purpose of this book. I hope I have given the reader enough to tempt him to further investigation, to send him to the library to explore (or, better, to the bookshop to buy) such reference works as THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS and Slonimsky's MUSIC SINCE 1900, and some of the fine musical biographies. If this ALMANAC must have a label, 'bait' will serve."

RADIO STATIONS, music clubs, and those who plan school concerts have found AN ALMANAC FOR MUSIC-LOVERS an invaluable mine of ideas for devising radio programs focused on special anniversaries. But those of us who delight to browse among interesting facts as relaxation are reminded in its pages of some composition we'd like to hear again, of an incident we'd forgotten or a critical work we'd enjoy reading or a man we'd like to know more about. This book is indeed bait for a musical bookman and a pleasant garland for the days of any new year.

January 1

1735 Birth of the American patriot and silversmith Paul Revere, who engraved the music for *A Collection of the Best Psalm Tunes* (1764), a fine example of early American music-printing (see May 28)

1791 Franz Joseph Haydn arrives in England for his first visit

1847 In Vienna, the first performance of Schumann's Piano Concerto in A minor, played by Clara Schumann

1879 First performance of the Brahms Violin Concerto, in Leipzig, Joseph Joachim soloist, Brahms conducting

1888 At the Leipzig home of the famous violinist Adolf Brodsky (see Dec. 4) a New Year's Day party brings Brahms, Grieg, and Tchaikovsky together for the first time; after dinner they all go to the Gewandhaus to hear Joachim and Hausmann play Brahms's new Double Concerto (see Oct. 18) with Brahms conducting

1894 The Peters Music Library is inaugurated in Berlin by Dr. Max Abraham, founder of the well-known Peters Editions

1915 First issue of *The Musical Quarterly* is published in New York, its editor being Oscar G. Sonneck, Chief of the Music Division of the Library of Congress

1935 *Down Beat*, the popular-music periodical, contains one of the first [illegible] of "swing" in the sense of improvised melodic rhythm; [illegible]sician's term for perfect rhythm"

AN ALMANAC FOR MUSIC-LOVERS

by Elizabeth C. Moore

Decorations by LYLE JUSTIS

$2.50

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Moral Athlete

The Puritan Went Into Training to Keep in Moral Trim

RALPH BARTON PERRY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ever since 1938 when Ralph Barton Perry won the Pulitzer Prize for biography with his "Thought and Character of William James," he has been at work on a study of Puritanism and Democracy. The following article is a preview of the book which is to be published next month by the Vanguard Press.*

AN American schoolboy whom I knew made up his mind to become a high hurdler; not an ordinary everyday high hurdler, but a supreme high hurdler. He placed on his bureau a photograph of Nurmi, the Finnish long-distance champion. He gazed at this photograph every morning until there came into his face that grim expression which betokens unconquerable and irresistible resolve. This was his prayer. He abstained from candy and tobacco, and ate and drank only what was convertible into those tissues of the body which are employed in high hurdling. This was his fasting. He arranged his vacations, his friendships, his studies, his hours of sleep, his diversions, in the manner that he believed would increase his speed and endurance. Every day he weighed himself and tested himself. Slowly but steadily he clipped fractions of seconds from his record, with a growing assurance that he was one of the elect.

Now let us consider our great puritan champion, Jonathan Edwards. In early life, just after graduating from Yale at the age of seventeen, he went into training to perfect himself in godliness. For several years he recorded in a diary the course of training which he followed. Here are a few selections:

5. *Resolved,* Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can. . . .

22. *Resolved,* To endeavour to obtain for myself as much happiness in the other world as I possibly can, with all the power, might, vigor, and vehemence, yea violence, I am capable of, or can bring myself to exert, in any way that can be thought of. . . .

38. *Resolved,* Never to utter anything that is sportive, or matter of laughter, on a Lord's day. . . .

Monday, Dec. 24 [1722]. . . . Concluded to observe, at the end of every month, the number of breaches of resolutions, to see whether they increase or diminish, to begin from this day, and to compute from that the weekly account my monthly increase, and out of the whole, my yearly increase, beginning from new-year days. . . .

Saturday evening, Jan. 5 [1723]. . . . This week, have been unhappily low in the weekly account:—and what are the reasons of it? . . . *Resolved,* That I have been negligent in two things:—in not striving enough in duty; and in not forcing myself upon religious thoughts. . . .

Sabbath-day morning, May 12. I have lost that relish of the Scriptures and other good books, which I had five or six months ago. *Resolved,* When I find in myself the least disposition to exercise good nature, that I will then strive most to feel good-naturedly.

It is clear that the young Jonathan Edwards was determined to achieve perfect self-mastery and control through the exercise of his will. He deliberately set his will difficult tasks, as one takes bodily exercise by the use of antagonistic muscles. He made a business of moral virtue, felt his spiritual pulse, took his spiritual weight, and measured his spiritual record.

Another distinguished moral athlete was Cotton Mather. He was even more methodical and businesslike than Jonathan Edwards. He felt that man's moral possibilities were almost limitless, provided one went about it in a systematic way:

Ralph Barton Perry

Without abridging yourselves of your occasional thoughts on the question, "What good may I do to-day?," fix a time, now and then, for more deliberate thoughts upon it. Cannot you find time (say, once a-week, and how suitably on the Lord's day) to take this question into consideration:

What is there that I may do for the service of the glorious Lord, and for the welfare of those for whom I ought to be concerned?

Having implored the direction of God, "the Father of lights," consider the matter, in the various aspects of it. Consider it, till you have *resolved* on something. Write down your resolutions. Examine what precept and what promise you can find in the word of God to countenance your resolutions. Review these memorials at proper seasons, and see how far you have proceeded in the execution of them. The advantages of these preserved and revised memorials, no rhetoric will be sufficient to commend, no arithmetic to calculate. There are some animals of which we say, "They know not their own strength"; Christians, why should you be like them?

THE puritan held, incredible as it may now seem, that morals are more important than athletics, business, or art. He held that to achieve a controlling will by which to conform one's life to what one conceives to be the way of righteousness is the one thing most profoundly needful. Or rather he held that athletics, business, and art should be judged by conscience, and approved only so far as they form parts of that good life—that orderly and integral life, of the person or of society—which must be founded on virtue. Perhaps he was mistaken in his scale of relative values, but at any rate to drive him from this position would require heavier guns than most of his critics carry.

The puritan may always be convicted of failure as judged by his own standard; and of over-belief in himself as judged by his own attainment. But who cannot? It is impossible to have standards at all without exposing oneself to precisely such accusations. There is no way of being zealous in right-doing without being "self-righte-

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ous." To have a standard is to set a goal beyond actuality or even possibility; and yet to seek the goal is impossible unless one has moments of belief in one's power to reach it. There is perhaps no one so self-righteous as the man who is fond of calling other people "hypocrites." He is excessively ready to assume that he has attained his own ideal of sincerity. When standards are applied in action there will always be some concession to circumstance, some use of means by which the purity of the action is corrupted; so that it will be possible for critics (including oneself) to point out a discrepancy between the deed and the creed. A practical Christian, like Cromwell, must adjust his ideal to the context of affairs and use what weapons are at hand. A man can do his best only by confidently seeking (and perpetually missing) an unattainable perfection.

Why, then, is the puritan's self-righteousness so odious? In the first place, because the critic frankly takes the side of Mammon, and recognizes the puritan as his enemy. His criticism is self-defense or counterattack: "In the mouth of a drunkard he is a puritan who refuseth his cups; in the mouth of a swearer he which feareth an oath; in the mouth of a libertine he who makes any scruple of common sins." Or consider the complaint of Colonel Hutchinson that the term "puritan" was an epithet used to discredit every form of decency and piety which took itself seriously.

Macaulay speaks of "the sarcasms which modish vice loves to dart at obsolete virtue." The critic may thus represent not his personal impulses merely, but the general cause of the disparaged values; as at the time of the Restoration, when the pendulum had swung from moral and religious discipline to free indulgence of the physical pleasure, the luxury, the arts, and the human affections and loyalties which had lately been repressed.

But the puritan is also condemned because he is felt to be inopportunely right. A recent writer has illustrated the uncomfortableness of puritanism, as contrasted with Anglicanism:

> The difference between the two types of religion is brought out humorously in a pamphlet written in 1566 by an English vicar, Anthony Gilbert. The parson in the dialogue, in speaking against the Puritans, says, "There are very few that can agree to the Genevans' fashion to have nothing in the church but naked walls and a poore fellow in a bare gown, telling a long tale and brawling and chiding with all his hearers. As for my Lord [*i.e.*, his patron] I heard him say that he could never go to any of these Genevan sermons, that he came quiet home, but that there was ever something that pricked his conscience; he always thought that they made their whole sermon against him. But in the reading of Matins and Evensong at [St.] Paul's, or in my reading of my service in his chapel, he sayeth, he feeleth no such thing, for he is never touched, but goeth merrily to his dinner."
>
> There you have two conceptions of religion which have by no means died out. Some people do not want to have their appetite spoiled by having their conscience pricked. The Puritan did not feel it was quite right to go home from church to his dinner with too undisturbed an appetite, or in too complacent a frame of mind.

Everyone will, if forced, avow his allegiance to some moral code, acknowledge its logical priority over his appetites, and confess his lapses from strict rectitude. But one dislikes to be perpetually reminded of these things. When a puritan is in the neighborhood, one feels the uncomfortable sense of an accusing presence. It is impossible to go on enjoying oneself frivolously in the midst of such gravity. The puritan is the death's-head at the feast. He cannot be lightly ignored, because his admonition is re-echoed and confirmed by one's own conscience. One knows oneself to be vulnerable. Hence one hurls epithets at the puritan, hoping to frighten him away; or, if not, then to divert his attention and put him on the defensive by calling attention to his own shortcomings.

Whatever the motives of the critic himself, the puritan's moral athleticism is abundantly open to criticism. It is marked by one-sidedness and distortion—by defects of omission so serious as to amount, in moral judgment and practice, to defects of commission. Its most glaring fault is that which has invariably manifested itself in asceticism, which is only another name for moral athleticism. The ascetic treats the will as though it were in fact a sort of muscle, which could be strengthened by a moral daily dozen. He fails to see that there is no will which is not a will to do this or that. In his effort to isolate the will he divests it of content. He creates a false dualism between his will and his concrete inclinations. He does not see that, if his ruthless war upon his impulses were successful, he would have destroyed himself altogether; and that it *cannot* succeed, because he can after all do no more than range one part of himself against another. Instead of achieving peace and harmony, therefore, he aggravates the antagonisms which already divide him, and converts into unnatural monsters the appetites with which he is endowed.

Similarly, the puritan in his zeal to forge a highly tempered and sharp-edged will loses sight of the ulterior purpose which such a formidable weapon is designed to serve. Its purpose is to put the appetites in their place, but this implies that they may justly claim a place. It is as much the task of the moral will to make room for the appetites as to confine them to that room. It is true that their unruliness must be broken, but only in order that they may thrive in peace. This positive provision for concrete goods and satisfaction provides the only moral justification for their subordination, as the Claim of God to the obedience of his subjects rests on his provident love.

The puritan in his insistence upon the effective control of his supreme principle harps upon it incessantly, when it should be reserved for crucial decisions. Suspicious of all intermediaries, he neglects their indispensable

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A Small Miracle

CANNERY ROW. By John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 208 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

WHEN you have finished reading "Cannery Row" you know that John Steinbeck has passed another of his small miracles. It is the best thing he has done since "The Grapes of Wrath," although it is not quite like that, in ways that we shall discover. This goes back in style and substance to those other brilliant little tales he wrote, to Monterey County in California again, where once we met Lennie and George, and Danny and the paisanos. Add to these the people of Cannery Row: Doc, and Mac, and the boys, and the bright-haired Dora, for they are likely to seem as memorable. They are caught up alive for us, stirring and functioning, in the whole, integral atmosphere of their row of shacks along the shore line, the canneries, and the flophouse, Lee Chong's store, Doc's marine laboratory, Dora's Bear Flag Restaurant.

There is one fairly consistent thread of plot that runs tenuously through the book. It will seem trifling when it is mentioned: the blundering and fantastic attempts of the other inhabitants of the Row to show their love for the Doc, to throw him a party, to serve him in their untutored ways, like the fabled Juggler at the altar. But more important is the series of individual and group portraits revealed along the way, and most important of all the spiritual correspondence between place and people. Lines of force and sentiment run between them; the places breathe and suffer changes of mood, the humans assume the gnarled qualities of salt air and rickety structure, and the whole thing runs together fluidly, people and place, into a vital organism, Cannery Row. We have seen Steinbeck do just this at least once before, with his "Tortilla Flat," but it is still a revelation to see it done again, in the strictest, easiest, and most beautiful economy of line.

In the presence of this craftsmanship, of what I have termed a small miracle, it must seem irrelevant, certainly ungrateful, to point out that it is not a great one. Yet there must be some accounting for the gnawing dissatisfaction that one may feel along with admiration for the finesse of this little book. There is something Steinbeck is doing, consciously, with his power, that seems to point him, I hope tentatively, in the wrong direction. I can show this best by quoting a few lines from one or two places and making what I can of them. Chapter Two is a kind of rhapsodic interpolation, of which there are a few. He is speaking of the Row and what it means to him. He says:

> The Word is a symbol and a delight which sucks up men and scenes, trees, plants, factories, and Pekinese. Then the Thing becomes the Word and back to Thing again, but warped and woven into a fantastic pattern. The Word sucks up Cannery Row, digests it and spews it out, and the Row has taken the shimmer of the green world . . .

Steinbeck is explaining the wonderful thing that happens when he looks upon his materials and feels stirring within him the power to transmute them into the evocative word. It is the intoxication of a god looking upon his handiwork, and of a good writer in the realization of his re-creative talents. This kind of consciousness is a natural prelude to the work to be done, yet we expect the work itself to blot it out. We do not expect to see the writer rear up among the pages to watch himself functioning, lift his people up and turn them over before our eyes like a conjuror. He can write an essay on how he wrote his novel—as Wolfe did—but he cannot do both simultaneously without casting a film of self-consciousness over some of the bright and natural and sincere qualities of immediacy.

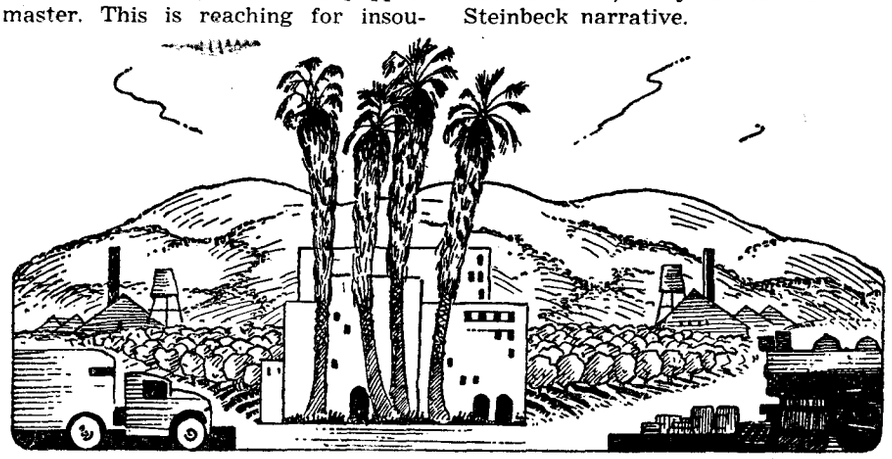
In the very presence of the contriving god, some of the art will become artifice. (Was he not aware of this, writing, "warped and woven into a fantastic pattern"?) Here is an example. In one episode, William, the doorman at Dora's Bear Flag, falls prey to melancholy, contemplates suicide, and actually performs it. The chapter ends as follows:

> His hand rose and the ice pick snapped into his heart. It was amazing how easily it went in. William was the watchman before Alfred came. Everybody liked Alfred. He could sit on the pipes with Mack and the boys any time. He could even visit up at the Palace Flophouse.

Now this is cold, cold as a puppet-master. This is reaching for insouciance. See—the man dies, and we slip away at once on an oblique angle, to Alfred, for effect. But Steinbeck's powers have not sprung from angles and effects, from being a contriving literary god. They sprang out of love and pity and understanding of the men he knew, Danny, Jim Nolan, Tom Joad. He is using William, effectually, without sympathy, and this is the measure of our discomfort about "Cannery Row."

"The Grapes of Wrath" was a big book because it was big with love for its people. There is much of that here too, in such chapters as the tenth, about Frankie, and the twenty-fourth, about Mary Talbot, each of them compressed and poignant with unimaginable tenderness. But they seem hardly to belong to the tale; they are supernumeraries, very much like the starfish, the anemones, and the octopi in Doc's marine lab, upon which Steinbeck lavishes, similarly, some of his easiest and finest pages. It is Doc, the central figure, whose bearded face is described as "half-Christ and half satyr," and you can see the trouble with that right away, the masking and contrivance that will go into making this man interesting and mystical and complex, at the expense of simple reality. The story will focus upon Doc, yet some of the simple things at the periphery, the way an anemone expands or the way Mary Talbot talks to her husband, will come out with the most clarity and freshness, because Steinbeck wasn't toying with transmutation and the Word, wasn't trying to do anything but give them to us unaltered, with original vision.

We don't have to have "The Grapes of Wrath" every time, but we do need the original vision, and the loving, intimate identity of author and subject that made "Tortilla Flat" and some of the short stories and the parts of this book that are best. "Cannery Row" is exciting for the way in which this key problem in a writer's development is spread before us visible in its workings, like a tinted cross-section of one of Doc's specimens, as well as for the characteristic, lusty excitement of a Steinbeck narrative.



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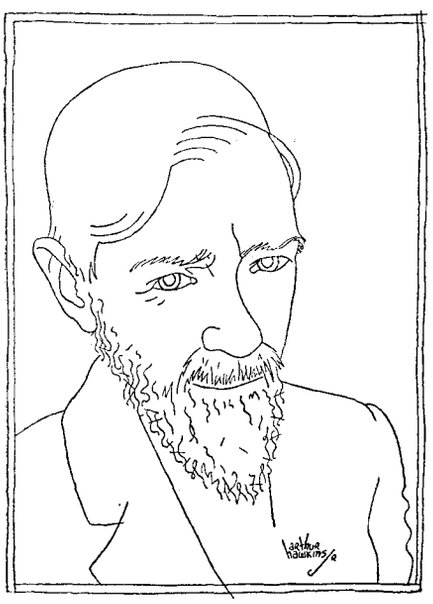
Escape to the Irrational

PAUSE TO WONDER. Stories of the Marvelous, Mysterious, and Strange. Edited by Marjorie Fischer and Rolfe Humphries. New York: Julian Messner. 1944. 565 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

"ONE of the most beautiful things we can experience is the mysterious," said Albert Einstein. "It is the source of all true science and art. He who can no longer pause to wonder is as good as dead." Pondering this remark of a great, good, and sensible man, Marjorie Fischer and Rolfe Humphries chose it as an inspiration for an anthology of literature devoted to the breakdown of barriers between our little hovel of thought and the mansions of other-dimensionality. The result is a book full of excellent entertainment, fine writing, and first rate examples of the eternal freshness of man's imagination and sense of humor. There is nothing of the macabre or gruesome in this volume; the editors have had the good sense to realize that in relation to other forms of life man's situation is essentially comic, and their admirable taste has excluded the type of story which properly belongs in a commentary on surgery.

Entertainment is the sole aim of the editors, and in this connection they quote another modern thinker, a man who, like Columbus, made a mistake which benefited mankind. Said Dr. Sigmund Freud, "when life imposes its stern discipline upon us . . . reason becomes an enemy that keeps us from so many possibilities of pleasure. One discovers what a joy it is to escape from it, at least for a moment, and give oneself up to the fascination of irrationality."



D. H. Lawrence

In a sense this is correct, but flight from reason does not presuppose, as the editors point out, a destination in Cloud-Cuckoo Land. It means, rather, an excursion into a new aspect of existence, where the rules governing the forms of life are different from those in our world. There must be order there, just as there is order here. It is the intermingling of the two, the carrying over of limitations into a field where such curtailment is not in force, that provides the puzzlement, the wonder, and the laughter. Thus the artist who purposes to convey the reality of both sets of order must be master of the logic which governs each, and must place the opposites against each other in a manner calculated to catch the intuition of the spectator; for it is only the intuition which is attuned to both dimensions.

A master of dual logic like Mark Twain, for instance, has a grand time in "Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven." Captain Stormfield, an old sea captain, is not dismayed at the tremendous speed at which he travels through outer space, but he is betrayed into racing comets by the hangover of his competitive spirit. Thus he gets off his course and arrives on the wrong side of heaven, a place which, though it fulfills the hope of every man, has only partially eliminated time and done nothing at all about space—a natural result of man's inability in his imagination to disperse these enemies of his eternal happiness. Another master of the dual logic, Oscar Wilde, enjoys himself hugely in "The Canterville Ghost." The ghost, quite accustomed to timelessness and the other phenomena of extra-sensory life, fails to take into account the growth of a new form of reason on earth, the American mind. A classic example of the bumping together of laws occurs in Ovid's story of Philemon and Baucis, where the gods, when they come to the home of the couple, have to duck their heads to get through the low doorway. This entanglement of the gods in the laws of man was used throughout ancient literature not only as an inspiration for comedy, but as a basis for most of the pagan spiritual teaching. Nowadays the teaching phase is obscured by the cosmic use, but it is evident in such modern writers as Virginia Woolf, Frank R. Stockton, Henry James, D. H. Lawrence, and E. M. Forster, all of whom are represented in this collection.

The editors have limited themselves, except for the classic authors, to English, Irish, and American writers. This is due partly to the difficulty of getting good translations, partly to the trouble nowadays in obtaining permission to reprint. But it also rests upon the fact that much of the success of this branch of literature depends upon a mental and social background which is common and familiar to reader and writer alike. At any rate there is more than enough to go around here, and all of it is good. Old favorites abound, along with selections hitherto neglected. For so large a group there is an amazing level of excellence. No story or poem is dull; every one of the 565 pages is highly readable. Particularly recommended are the contributions of Liam O'Flaherty, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Frank O'Connor, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Winifred Holtby, Antonia White, and such tried and true masters as Ambrose Bierce, Mark Twain, Finley Peter Dunne, E. M. Forster, and John Masefield. Such special inclusions as "A Blazing Starre Seene in the West," Cotton Mather's account of the witches of New England, and the script of Orson Welles's famous broadcast of the invasion of the Martians, provide pause for thought as well as wonder. All in all it is an ideal mixture for the bedside table, the weekend bag, or the friend who "has everything."

Sylvia Townsend Warner

After the Star

Sara Van Alstyne Allen

AFTER the Star had risen
Along the Eastern sky,
The branches of the chosen Tree
Stirred of a sudden, and shivered
As a new wind passed by.

Three berries lay along the snow.
Of these I make my song,
Of how they lay night-long
Upon the silent snow,
Three crimson drops below the tree,
As round, as red as blood they lay,
To greet the rising sun
On Christmas Day.

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A Multi-Colored Mosaic of California

CONTINENT'S END: A Collection of California Writing. Edited by Joseph Henry Jackson. New York: Whittlesey House. 1944. 415 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, literary editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle,* whose daily column and Sunday Supplement are among the tall, too few, outlying lighthouses in a country which has allowed New York to absorb most American criticism, possessed himself of a brilliant idea and most expertly put it into effect. His book opens an avenue—perhaps Whittlesey House has it in mind—for another of those "American Series" now so popular, and which are a sign that, after years of neglect, Americans are almost pathetically eager to learn something about their country. "Continent's End" suggests forty-seven more volumes of the kind, and some extra ones for Alaska and the other territories, each, like this initial volume, not an historical description written by one man, or woman, but a collection of fiction and articles selected with a purpose from the various works of native, or adopted, sons and daughters; the purpose being to build up by multi-colored mosaics a portrait of a certain state.

Before going any further, one can say that both the method and the intention are likely to produce, as in this instance, a far more interesting and exciting and coherent book than is the average anthology or symposium.

Not only do fiction writers when engaged with their ordinary moods approach the goal, suddenly set for them without their knowledge or consent by the selecting editor, obliquely and unselfconsciously, but, so far as the reader is concerned, there is the lure of pursuit which makes the detective novel popular. All men and women are hunters, and so you want to keep on reading to find out what all these native sons and daughters think of their native state. And these native sons and daughters have their guards down. You get a franker account. Each native son and daughter is passionately absorbed in a segment of the whole; they do not raise their heads. When you put the segments together, you get an equally passionate absorption, but an expanded and encompassing one, and a larger and more typical entity, which was not there before, emerges. Something bigger and something different is present, although the difference is composed of the original molecules in a new arrangement.

The native sons and daughters, working separately and without collusion, are unaware of what their sum total mounts up to.

Just this happens when you enter a room filled with people more or less of the same kind and of the same background. Each one is still the individual he, or she, sometimes unfortunately, is, but there is also a large, unseen, uninvited guest; a released Jinn. And the Jinn may be in New York, or Boston, or the South, or the Middle-West, or wherever it is the majority call home. The Jinn gets stronger as strong tea or cocktails are passed. His presence may prove pleasing or distasteful according to your notions or inheritance, but it should be of never failing interest to the observant, for Jinns, being a suborder of spirits, are much more naive and stupid than the average human being, and therefore much more innocently self-revealing. Besides, Jinns being giants, the pores of their skins and their blemishes are enlarged as those of the Brobdingnags in "Gulliver's Travels."

These local Jinns have cosmopolitan cousins, of course; distinguished, cultured, and at home everywhere. Their shadows are gigantic at literary parties, painters' parties, and actors' parties; and at political, motion picture, and fashionable parties, become so opaque as to trip up the butlers.

Mr. Jackson had something of this in mind when he made his collection. He has selected thirty-nine pieces of writing, twenty-five of them short stories, or excerpts from novels, fourteen of them articles, which, taken together, describe modern California; that vast and lovely empire, seven hundred and fifty miles long and two hundred and thirty miles in average width, which prevents the Pacific Ocean from drowning the rest of the United States. There it is from Hollywood to the Needles, and from San Diego to the Oregon line; misty rocks and beaches, clear and incredibly fertile inner valleys, Spanish tinctured Southern deserts and orange groves and ranches and towns, snow capped mountains, breathlessly tall, breathlessly beautiful northern forests, like soaring green cathedrals—everything from Greta Garbo to seals. The lowest point in the continental United States, Death Valley; the highest point in the continental United States, Mt. Whitney. And sitting in the north, facing the Orient, and something of the Orient in its charm and lure, and fundamental dignity underneath surface American excitement, San Francisco, one of the most fascinating cities in America; and sitting in the south—facing Kansas, and Nebraska, and Iowa—Los Angeles, lost without its Spanish angels. An empire so exotic that strangers sometimes think it doesn't belong to us, like the Englishman who said he had always wanted to visit California but "dreaded having to pass through America," and when informed that California was America, shrugged his shoulders and smiled tolerantly, and remarked, "You Yankees have such a way of claiming things!"

"Continent's End" had a galaxy to choose from . . . Steinbeck, Saroyan, James Cain, Jo Pagano, Upton Sinclair, Myron Brinig—there for a comparatively short time, and apparently not liking it at all—M. F. K. Fisher, Idwal Jones, and so on. These, for the fiction, and numerous others. And for the second section of the book, the article section, entitled "Periods—Places—People," such names as Stewart Edward White, Donald Culross Peattie, Gertrude Atherton, Lincoln Steffens, Duncan Aikman, George R. Stewart, and by no means last, the editor himself in a most absorbing selection from his own book, "Anybody's Gold," describing the tragic fate of that fine pioneer, John Sutter, and what happened to his principality with the discovery in 1847 that yellow wealth colored the waters of the American Fork.

And now the Jinn emerges, and he is a very interesting and puzzling Jinn. You will notice that the second section—the article section—contains the names of a number of more mature California writers, and without exception they seem to like California and to find it fascinating, although it is true that the majority are writing about California's past. To the contrary, the younger writers in the first section—there are some older ones like Upton Sinclair—apparently, I give them the benefit of the doubt, don't like California at all. And it isn't because they represent a more "socially conscious" generation, although that, of course, will be said. There is more here than social consciousness. There is an underlying acrid distaste; a sadness and sense of

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futility. So I wonder why. And I pose the question.

Is it a sense of failure? The fallacy of the golden past? The present, dreadful as it is, is almost invariably better than the past. Nor was California's beginning very virtuous. Is it bewilderment in the face of too varied problems and too varied a population? New York is equally confronted, and countless other places. Is it—and this is probable—too great a beauty as a contrast to man's frequent misbehavior? But the Greeks had the same background. Is it the sad ghosts of the disinherited Spaniards? Anyway, something is wrong, and as for myself, I've a suspicion that it is a shining, streamlined educational system which turns out high-divers and expressionists without reaching either for their hearts or their philosophy.

There are exceptions in this collection. Steinbeck has his inevitable moments of tenderness, although these are invariably about men, never places. Saroyan has a truly beautiful story, entirely outside the category; a story marked by the genius that often, but by no means always, shines through his work. He manages to tie people and the earth together. They do not run away from it, nor do they want to.

The book, as I have said, is fascinating and absorbing throughout. It is no ordinary collection of short stories.

Poetry of War

DAY OF DELIVERANCE. By William Rose Benét. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 147 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

HERE are the poems that the war has wrung from William Rose Benét—poems on such themes and occasions as British courage and Greek courage and Russian courage, Tarawa, Lidice, Wake, fighters and bombers of the Royal Air Force, Dunkerque, American oil for Franco's Spain, Nazi evil, profiteers, the war dead, Darlan's assassin, and the agony of the Jews. The emotion which animates them is profound and upsurging: emotion compounded of anger and love, admiration and horror and pity. The ideas and sentiments which they express are, in the main, those of right-minded men everywhere; the verbal blows that they strike are struck on the side of the angels, or, better still, on the side of men who would be more than beasts. Judged by intention, then, these poems are admirable. But, judged as poetry, they are sadly wanting.

Mr. Benét's well-known virtuosity has served his good intentions in many metres and many prosodic patterns: here he employs the short Skeltonic jab and there the Kiplingesque galumphing line, while in between there throng echoes of a score of poets, chiefly masters of ballad, himself among them. But this virtuosity has served him too facilely. Too often has hot emotion been poured straight into a waiting and complaisant form, where it has quickly cooled, retaining no heat for its reader; too often have the easy word and the easy rhyme done easy duty. When it comes to translating emotion into art, there is still much to be said for recollection in tranquillity.

As a result of Mr. Benét's emotional urgency and facility, uncensored by self-criticism, things happen in this volume that should not happen even to a dog among poets. For instance, the triumph of bathos, or the art of sinking in verse, has seldom been more eloquently exemplified than in the following quatrain with its nearly matchless last line:

> Next, fort by fort and port by port,
> Our fighting outposts fell.
> Midway and Wake they toiled to take,
> Lastly Luzon as well. . . .

And some of the echoes that I have mentioned are unfortunate, particularly such echoes as those in "Men of the Hurricane." The voice is the voice of Kipling, but the words are those of a poet in an even greater hurry than the singer of empire sometimes was; and one reviewer, at least, while reading this tribute to Cobber Cain and "the chaps of the Seventy-Third," found himself mischievously plagued by memorials of Quiller-Couch's great "Ballad of the Jubilee Cup."

There is a good deal in "Day of Deliverance" that is above the levels indicated, and there are a few items—"To S. V. B.," "The Miracle of the Beaches," "The Cuttle Fish"—that stand up as veritable peaks. But the bulk of this book may be described justly as journalism in verse. It is for the moment and the occasion, not for the years or for book covers. It bears approximately the same relation to true poetry, including Mr. Benét's own, that the newspaper illustrations of painters like Sloan and Glackens and Luks bear to the art of their considered canvases. It may be argued that these verses are not journalism, but "words as weapons," and this argument would lead to the fundamental question of whether a good cause can be well served by bad or poor art—a question often raised these days by the work of artists of good will. The right answer might be worth having.

From Stamps to Rembrandts

LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL: THE STORY OF COLLECTING. By Douglas and Elizabeth Rigby. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. *XX and* 570 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT once allowed himself to be photographed in the role of stamp collector, with two albums on the desk in front of him. One album was open and an elbow rested on it. The fingers of his right hand held up a stamp for inspection.

Immediately after publication of this photograph the curve of incoming White House mail rose sharply. Philatelists all over the world shrieked protest. An elbow on an open album. Fingers clutching a stamp! What, in heaven's name, are tongs for?

The complete documentation of the incident will one day be available. It will be in the Hyde Park Library. So will every scrap of paper with writing on it that has reached the White House in the past twelve years, or that will reach it in the four ahead. Do you want to be immortal? Then write a letter to the President.

This is only one of the thousands of things you will learn by dipping into "Lock, Stock and Barrel." For this is a dipping book if there ever was one, and dipping books are by their very definition serviceable, durable and vastly enjoyable.

The Rigbys have done a magnificent job of delving and have come up with pay dirt. Their story begins with prehistory, lingers a moment over Tutankamen's childhood cache of minerals and the walking-stick collection of his maturity, and proceeds through Rome and Greece and whatnot to J. P. Morgan and Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach and beyond, for there is a concluding chapter on the collecting of the future. The Rigbys' long story is studded with anecdote. All the familiar collecting stories are here, as they should be, and fantastic bypaths are enthrallingly explored. There are scores of apposite illustrations and there is a copious and most essential index.

Almost everything concerned with collecting is in this virtual encyclopedia. I hope future editions may include the Washington official whose hobby is the acquisition of Phi Beta Kappa keys which have found their way into pawnshops, and of Comedian Joe Cook's collection of objects no larger than a man's hand, which includes a baseball not autographed by Babe Ruth.

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Social Ethics and Contemporary "Isms"

SOCIAL-ECONOMIC MOVEMENTS. By Harry W. Laidler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1944. 828 pp. $5.

Reviewed by CARL S. JOSLYN

THAT this book will fit well into the institutional setting for which it was designed (the college course in economics, sociology, political science, or social ethics) is at once the best and the worst thing that can be said about it. Dr. Laidler set out to write a textbook suitable for use by the teachers of courses in radical theories and movements of social reform, and he has produced just such a book. It measures up to the best traditions of what a textbook dealing with highly controversial and suspect questions ought to be. The author is not to be blamed for the fact that good textbook writing in such a field is likely to make for poor education. It serves the educational function poorly because it fails to provide the college student of today with what he most needs: guidance in the making of wise choices among alternative proposals for social-economic reform.

Viewed as a textbook, the present volume may be credited with being comprehensive, factually authoritative and—in a sense of the term that has become conventional among teachers of the social sciences—"objective." That it is comprehensive in its coverage is best indicated by the following list of "isms" dealt with in its pages: utopianism, Marxism, Fabianism, revisionism, syndicalism, guild socialism, communism, state socialism, Christian socialism, and consumers coöperation. Advocates of birth control and/or eugenics will doubtless hold it against the book that nothing is said about them as important social reform movements. They will call attention to the author's declared intention of including all "important movements for fundamental change along coöperative lines" and will insist that their respective movements meet those specifications. Dr. Laidler's answer would probably be that he had in mind, not the movements which seek to effect specific reforms within our present institutional framework, but only those movements aimed at bringing about fundamental changes in the framework itself. If that is the case, his statement of the criterion of selection used should have been more explicit and complete.

In saying that the book is authoritative, this reviewer simply wishes to record his impression that the author is well-informed on the history of the theories and movements dealt with. The student who reads this book, and assimilates what it has to say, should also become well-informed in the same field. From the standpoint of authoritativeness in critical analysis and evalution, however, Dr. Laidler's work leaves much to be desired.

This is not to say that the author's treatment is one-sided or puts him in the position of advocating any of the programs discussed. On the contrary: he is at pains to be "objective" in the most approved academic fashion and keeps his personal convictions strictly to himself. Criticisms calling attention to defects and limitations in the various "isms" are presented at many points in the book. It seems clear that Dr. Laidler conceives his role to be that of expositor of the theories and movements about which he has written. It is equally clear that he has been faithful to that role. He has written a good textbook in a field where good textbook writing is not easy and that, to repeat, is the best thing that can be said about his work.

But it is also the worst thing that can be said about it. Students who are being prepared to play their part in a world in crisis, and who may shortly be called upon to make important decisions relative to the movements and ideologies now challenging the institutions of capitalist democracy, need more than this book has to give them. Indeed, they could dispense with what it has to give them altogether if, in place of it, they could have the principles setting forth necessary relations between means and ends in social relationships—which alone can guide them in the making of wise choices. What are the institutional implications, for example, of lasting peace and full employment? Can we have freedom from fear and from want without paying the price of less freedom in other respects? If we choose to increase the scope of value A in human relationships because it is something we feel we must have, what will happen to the scope of value B which is also precious to us? Those are the questions to which the young people of today must have answers if they are to make wise decisions tomorrow. And they will not find them in this book.

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CAN YOU QUOTE THE FIRST LINE?

Quoted below are the last lines of 20 well-known poems. Can you give the first lines and name the authors? Allowing 2½ points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 15.

1. All's right with the world! ( ) E. L. Beers
2. And all that mighty heart is lying still! ( ) E. Browning
3. And good-by to the bar and its moaning. ( ) R. Browning
4. And no birds sing. ( ) B. Carman
5. But there is no joy in Mudville—Mighty Casey has struck out. ( ) Carroll
6. "But 'twas a famous victory." ( ) Cowper
7. Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!) ( ) Frost
8. He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors." ( ) Holmes
9. I shall but love thee better after death. ( ) Keats
10. Learn to labor and to wait. ( ) Kingsley
11. Logic is logic. That's all I say. ( ) E. Lear
12. May I be there to see! ( ) Longfellow
13. Mirth, with thee I mean to live. ( ) Milton
14. O Death in Life, the days that are no more! ( ) Noyes
15. She calls and calls each vagabond by name. ( ) Shelley
16. The devil take her! ( ) Southey
17. The lone and level sands stretch far away. ( ) Suckling
18. The picket's off duty forever! ( ) Tennyson
19. They danced by the light of the moon. ( ) Thayer
20. They'd eaten every one. ( ) Wordsworth

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Seeing Things

OUT OF THE HAT

THERE used to be the little man who wasn't there. That was before Mary Chase and Brock Pemberton and Frank Fay had the happy idea of inviting us to read "The Lost Weekend" in Mr. MacGregor's garden. Now, due to them, lippetty-lippetty (or perhaps more accurately, thumpetty-thumpetty, considering his size) there is the Big Rabbit who isn't there. Or is he?

I raise the question because few characters have been more real of recent seasons than the sizable cottontail who gives "Harvey"* its name. He may not actually appear. He is not listed in the cast. His Equity standing may be challengeable. He may be as imaginary as Landor's conversations, and only what a drunk would see who is too pleasant to see pink elephants or snakes. But before the evening is over Harvey does *seem* so real, in a medium where seeming is being, that the soberest drys outfront could swear he existed.

Perhaps the sociologists will someday make much of the fact that, in one of the most terrific of the war years, a novel about a Restoration whore was America's favorite reading, and a comedy about a non-existent rabbit was one of the country's best-loved plays. Perhaps they will even try to establish a connection between the two. If they don't, the psychoanalysts undoubtedly will. In these matters they are apt to be more successful than the historians. Such relationships are not only meat unrationed to the psychoanalysts; but a subject upon which they are glad to mobilize their points.

I mention psychoanalysts because in "Harvey" we are asked to laugh at them as heartily as we do at the imaginary bunny. Of all invitations this is one of the easiest to accept. Its R.S.V.P. is printed in Neon rather than headlines. Because, though they have their place and unquestionably do a needed job well, psychoanalysts, like penguins, pandas, and Joe E. Brown's face, can be just naturally funny. Although they are not nearly as cute as rabbits, they are about as common, have much longer ears, and are not apt to be interested in carrots except when they are raw.

Why are they funny? Not because they don't fill a necessary place, but because they take themselves as seriously as they are taken by the hundred neediest cases among their patients. Why are they funny, when manifestly the mind is worthy of treatment like the body? Because so many of them are anxious to find soot on the cleanest snow. Because emotionally the only infinitives they appear to respect are split. Because the sole twine they tend to recognize is the umbilicus. Because to them everything is apt to be suspect, nothing innocent, all childhood soiled, and adulthood merely the dirty linen of the nursery. Why are they funny?

—Woodcut by Frances O'Brien Garfield
Frank Fay

Because so often they seem anxious to make every simple thing complex and to convert every healthy response into an abnormal one.

Let us eavesdrop, for example, on what two Army psychiatrists (which, I admit, is raising the ante) say in all seriousness when, in a recent and in most respects very worthwhile book about the soldier's conversion to civilian life, they try to explain the releases war offers to combatants.

> Battle provides an easy occasion for sundry displacements of hostility and killing in effigy. Hostility, originating in parental or marital conflict, for example, can be shifted on to the enemy and his destruction may symbolize vicarious revenge on wife or parents.

Even "Harvey," which is very funny, has few laughs to offer which are bigger than that. Certainly the laughs in "Harvey" are franker. Simpler too. Because Miss Chase's is the kind of comedy which is usually described as "unpretentious." This is an adjective meaning only that a pattern which might have been cut in satin has been made up in calico. In this case, however, the calico is more than serviceable.

"Harvey" has its Saroyan aspects. Its little sermon to the effect that a man nowadays must be either bright or good is advanced in the goofy, giddy, happily cockeyed, and boozy terms upon which Saroyan is generally considered to have taken out a copyright. In the form of its unseen rabbit, too, it makes the same plea for a man's need of his illusions that Mr. Saroyan made with his unseen mice in "The Beautiful People." But the Saroyan here is cut; diluted for palates not quite ready to take their Saroyan straight.

Once upon a time when he was toying with the idea of being a dramatic critic, Thornton Wilder described a comedy by Philip Barry by saying its lines were of that "bookish sort which people who do not read Charles Lamb imagine to be like him." In the same way "Harvey" is less the real Saroyan than it is vaudeville's idea of him. It lacks his final poignancy, his gift of sudden and deep revelation, and his ultimate magic. But in wartime who can complain if oleomargarine is served instead of butter? In any case, audiences that might be allergic to Saroyan are delighted to accept "Harvey."

If its individual lines are less uproarious than one might expect and its situations are worked overtime to secure their laughs, it is nonetheless a script that has joy in its heart.

Although one of the season's outstanding successes, and deservedly so, Mr. Pemberton has cast the secondary characters in "Harvey" as if he had been uncertain about the play's run. They seem to have been chosen in much the same way that you choose anything but your best clothes for a walk in the country on a day that may be rainy. They appear to have been selected unconfidently, and act with an expertness more acceptable in a stock company than in a Broadway hit.

But one puts up with them, indeed forgets them, as readily as the wrapping paper on a present is forgotten, because of Josephine Hull's presence in the cast, and because of Mr. Pemberton's inspired choice of Frank Fay as her brother, the dipsomaniac whose best friend is a non-existent six-foot rabbit.

Miss Hull is one of the country's

*"Harvey," a play by Mary Chase, presented by Brock Pemberton at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre.

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most lovable and irresistible performers. She may have been Helen Hokinson's model. She could be one of Mrs. Malaprop's lineal descendants. But certainly she must be the comic muse's stand-in at Lane Bryant's. When she waddles into a comedy, she brings not only laughter but surety with her.

As for Mr. Fay, all the skill he possesses as a veteran vaudevillian shines through his performance. Only once does he forget his fellow players and appear to be doing an act by himself at the Palace. This is when he settles down in the second act to ventilate some rather mediocre Saroyan. The rest of the time, however, he plays brilliantly, as an individual and with those near him. His speech is a perfect example of understatement; of points seemingly thrown away, but unfailing in their timing. His voice is used languorously, with a deceptive sense of weariness, almost of resignation and boredom. But its negative tones are among his most positive weapons.

Mr. Fay succeeds in doing wonderful things with his eyes. He uses them sparingly, so that their every measured rotation or sudden brightening is filled with innuendo. Indeed, we not only see Mr. Fay's eyes, but we see what he sees with them.

This is where Harvey, the rabbit, comes thumping in. He becomes for us as genuine a character as he is to Mr. Fay. In no time Mr. Fay establishes his size, indicates his whereabouts, and persuades us that he is truly occupying the vacant chair in which he is supposed to be sitting. Mr. Fay outdoes the usual magician, because the rabbit he produces is pulled out of our hats no less than his. By the evening's end the only way we know that Harvey is not real is because there still remains only one of him.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 80

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 80 will be found in the next issue.

JT OVHTRV NS NOQV RNS AS NSC UYTIVKKATS, JZVYV NYV JZYVV JZASWK SVHVKKNYC,— S N J G Y V, K J G P C, N S P U Y N H J A H V.

—NYAKJTJQV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 79

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Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, John Mason Brown — *Associate Editors*
William Rose Benét, Bennett Cerf — *Contributing Editors*
Harrison Smith
President
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QUIET, PLEASE!

WE learn from our Forty-sixth Street neighbor, *Variety*, the much respected Bible and fever chart of the entertainment industry, that war pictures are "poison at the box office" right now; and, indeed, that in Philadelphia the owner of one theater prominently displayed the ingenious line, "This Is Not a War Picture," in its advertising for a film called "Two Yanks Abroad." It was felt that war-weary Philadelphians might take one look at the title and stay away in droves on the rash and unjust assumption that it had something to do with a war currently being fought overseas.

There are, of course, two parts to the problem. One is that—as with "Two Yanks Abroad"—people may be scared away by what seems to be a war title even though it is not a war film. The other is that people may be lured into a theater by a non-war title such as "The Seventh Cross," only to discover too late that they have been made the victims of an organized swindle and are forced, *nolens volens*, to sit through an hour or more of moving picture entertainment in the form of a war story. Hence the need for proper labeling which, after all, is the consumer's only real protection in matters such as these.

What has happened in Philadelphia may not be typical of the nation, but, even if it is, it is understandable and natural. Consider, if you will, the privation and suffering to which the average American civilian has been subjected in this war. Only enough gasoline to take care of essential needs in getting around, with only taxicabs and other forms of transportation as alternatives; hardly enough of the best cuts of meat unless one goes to the trouble of eating occasionally at restaurants; not enough butter for bread or other dishes, compelling the nation to turn to indistinguishable substitutes or even to jam or cheese; long—too long—lines in front of liquor stores with the probability that one's favorite scotch may be out of stock with nothing but rum or bourbon and fifty-seven other varieties to take its place; the insolence of head waiters at night clubs who, refusing to set up a new table for you in the front row, will give you only a third-row table for your five-dollar tip; the smaller type face being used as a war necessity by newspapers in their stock market quotation listings, causing severe eye strain in following your rising stocks—rising ever higher now that there is no longer any danger that the war will end suddenly and without proper warning. We have been saving for last the most drastic privation of all, now rapidly becoming the Nation's No. 1 Problem: shortage of standard-brand cigarettes, an unmitigated calamity, comparable only to a planetary collision or the absence of a fourth hand at bridge.

This, it goes without saying, is only a partial list; but we are reluctant—pardonably, we hope—to provide a fuller and more drastic tabulation lest some irresponsible readers enclose it in a letter to a serviceman whose supreme enjoyment of life in general may lose some of its edge if he is given a clue to the egregious suffering on the home front. It would be only slightly less unfortunate if this catalogue of catastrophe were to fall into the hands of civilians in the occupied or liberated areas of Europe, diverting them from their own troubles which, though of lesser consequence, nevertheless loom large when they directly affect the individual.

There is no choice for us but to suffer in silence. For more than two thousand years the Spartan spirit has slept; but we can bring it back to life and give it new meaning by exercising forbearance in the trials confronting us such as even our Puritan fathers were not called upon to face. And we have a right to ask the coöperation of all groups in our society to the end that this organized silence may be as effective and widespread as possible. Radio news announcers should be compelled by law to whisper the latest reports from the front; newspapers must abandon the screaming headlines about the war, taking the news off the front page and giving it the benefit of the reduced decibels of the second section; books and magazines should follow the lead of the movies by doing their utmost to sidestep anything touching on the war, and adapting the Philadelphia labelling device—*i. e.*, "This Is Not a War Book," or "This Is Not a War Article," etc. Which reminds us:—

This is not a war editorial.

N. C.

For an Indiana Morning-Glory

Hargis Westerfield

LIGHT-BLUE the morning-glory blooms
Twined on the ropes of the hospital tent,
Translucent and light-blue and white in the center:
(Cool light-blue and wiry curve of the petals!
Indiana morning-glories in the middle of New Guinea—
Was it ever morning in Indiana,
And miles over the mellow autumn land
The little farm-houses flaunting the blossoms
Over the front-porches?
The light-blue North American colors
Live on in the world: light-blue eyes of a girl,
Light-blue of the dress of a wife,
And the bright translucent blue of a cool Northern sky?)

The light-blue of the morning-glory
Brings back the memory of dawn
Deep in Indiana here in the sullen jungle!
Dark prehistoric hills, and always
The dirty rain-clouds, where the only color
Lives in the red sparkle of a sniper's musket,
The fear of American hate; hidden in the tree-tops,
One more manikin blocking the way to Indiana—
One more blackened manikin blown from the sky.
Light-blue are the morning-glories of Indiana,
Light-blue the light in a girl's eyes,
Light-blue the dress of a wife
And light-blue the cool Northern sky.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Wecter Replies

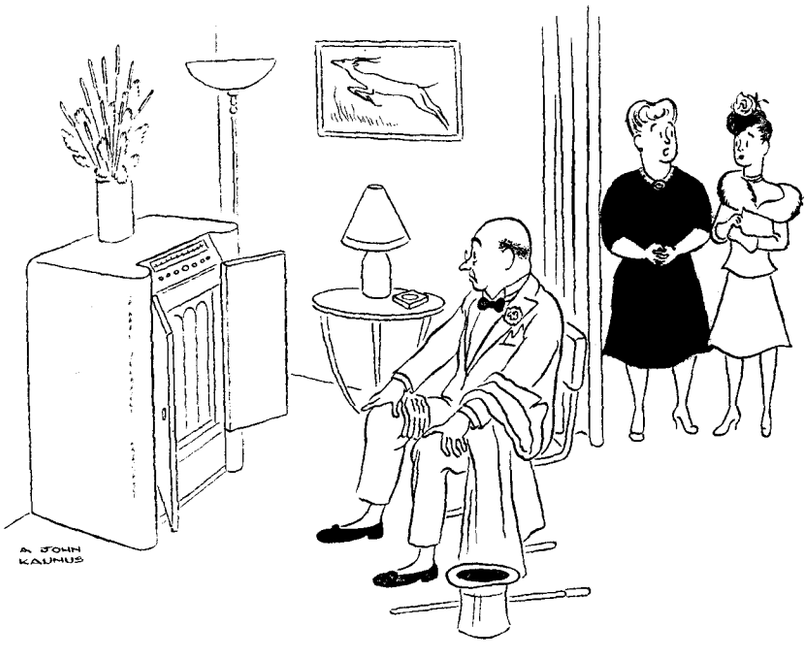
SIR: I am a little astonished at the long and somewhat testy letter by Mr. C. R. Jouaz in your issue of December 2, in which he takes me to task for two minor statements in my review of the Beards' "Basic History" a month earlier—*viz.*, that the R.F.C. was approved by a prevailingly Democratic Congress in January, 1932, and that (contrary to the Beards' assertion) the H.O.L.C. was set up not in Hoover's regime but in Roosevelt's. Since neither statement is denied by my critic, I am not quite sure what all the shooting is about. Of course there were Democrats under Hoover who rejoiced in the President's discomfiture, just as there are similar Republicans today, but I find it hard to agree with Mr. Jouaz that Mr. Garner engineered the bank crisis of February, 1933, and other evil works. Texan though I am, I hesitate to credit such omnipotence to the sage of Uvalde.

A couple of factual points, however, are raised by Mr. Jouaz which did not figure in the original review, and since my critic invites discussion of them I am ready to oblige. First, that the R.F.C., as first conceived, was the perfect antidote for what ailed us, and would have worked wonders if Democrats had not finally compelled it to drop the secrecy surrounding its loans. Second, that even though the H.O.L.C. came to birth under Roosevelt "the idea was Hoover's and he fought courageously to persuade Congress to adopt the idea while he was President," and did win establishment of the Home Loan Banks for essentially the same purpose, namely the primary end of rescuing the little people from mortgage foreclosure.

Since Mr. Jouaz observes, as his Parthian shot, that "I prefer to take my history from historians," from whose ranks he pointedly excludes me, in order to make an acceptable rebuttal I am driven to cite words from our admittedly best scholars of the period. Professors Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager in their "Growth of the American Republic" (1937), II, 554, declare: "Not until 1932, when the Democrats controlled the House and a coalition of Democrats and Republican progressives in the Senate, were effective measures taken to cope with the depression. In January of that year Congress passed and the President signed an act creating the R.F.C. to lend money to railroads, banks, agricultural agencies, industry, and commerce. . . . [but] during the Roosevelt administration it became the banker for many of the new relief and recovery agencies. It inaugurated at once that policy of 'priming the pump' which should have been adopted two years earlier." As for the forced abandonment of secrecy surrounding R.F.C. beneficiaries, I lift a sentence from Professor Dwight Dumond of the University of Michigan, in his able "Roosevelt to Roosevelt" (1937), page 407: "This action was taken because the former chairman of the Board of Directors, former Vice-President Charles G. Dawes, had secured a $90,000,000 loan for his Chicago bank shortly after resigning."

In trying to equate Hoover's Home Loan Bank System with the H.O.L.C., which the New Deal set up to alter and implement it, Mr. Jouaz misses the essence of President Hoover's major strategy: an effort first and foremost to bolster the credit and banking structure of the country rather than to attempt any form of individual relief out of Federal funds. Of course incidental benefits from helping the banks, building and loan associations, and insurance companies trickled down here and there to the rank and file, but we have the statement of America's foremost social historian, Arthur M. Schlesinger of Harvard, in his "Growth of the American People" (1941), page 532, that on the day Mr. Hoover went out of office "homes were being sacrificed under the sheriff's hammer at the rate of a thousand a day." I should also like to cite the testimony of two distinguished historians—apropos of Mr. Jouaz's assumption that these Banks and H.O.L.C. were effectively the same—that under Hoover, legislation "created the Home Loan Bank System but had limited the Bank to transactions with lending institutions, which were in about as much trouble as the debtors themselves. Dissatisfied with results achieved under this legislation, the Roosevelt administration went directly into the money-lending business and formed contracts with individual debtors. By an act approved June 13, 1933, Congress established the H.O.L.C." These words come from the Beards' "America in Midpassage" (1939), page 241, a book in which the authors had their facts straight—which cannot be said for their "Basic History."

Why Mr. Jouaz declares that my simple assertion crediting sponsorship of the R.F.C. to President Hoover was made "reluctantly," or believes that in some unspecified way I am unfair to that statesman, I cannot say. Not a single unkind word about our only living ex-President occurred in this review, whose censure turned wholly upon the Beards and chiefly against their international views which still strike me as illogical, muddled, and mischievous. Mr. Hoover worked hard and honestly to stave off the inroads of crisis, though many thoughtful Americans disagreed with his methods. If it comes to a question of sheer intelligence and integrity, I would follow his counsel much sooner than that, for instance, of Professor Beard and his school. As for personal disparagement, Mr. Hoover has borne more than his share these many years ever since the Michelson smear campaign. In the larger view, one is prone to think that Presidents and ex-Presidents deserve a certain respect *ex officio* (numerous slanders in the 1944 campaign notwithstanding). In a sense they are public institutions, that offer large vulnerable targets to the casual marksman. I am tempted to apply Bliss Perry's remark about Longfellow, and say that to attack them in idle sport is like carrying a rifle into a national park. Mr. Jouaz is mis-



"Wilford just can't get used to writing a radio column after he's been a drama critic for so long."

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taken if he thinks he discerns the shape of a gun under my cloak. It is only the alpenstock of a pedestrian reviewer.

DIXON WECTER.

San Marino, California

Story of Picasso

SIR: I have received a letter from my husband, Lt. Hjalmar H. Boyesen, C.W.S., about his visit to Picasso in Paris. I think that the following extract will interest your readers:

"I managed to borrow a motorcycle from a Canadian unit and I toured in grand style. Went way up to the top and looked out over Paris and it was quite beautiful and gay and charming and very much Paris. During the grand tour I found out where Picasso was living, so I popped around there, rang his bell, introduced myself and shook his hand, explaining that I was very fond of his things and brought him tidings of his friend Lipchitz and Pierre de Lanux and of Art in America. "He is a delightful and fey little man. Quite spry and very gay and happy now that we have arrived. He has a whole bunch of things in his studio that he has been getting ready for the show: a few Lipchitz's, that famous Modigliani of the rather poignant girl with the heart-shaped face, some Rousseaus, Lurcats (Lurcat is with the FFI in southern France and cannot be communicated with, but he is evidently OK), and a lot of other things, including an object lying on the floor which rather puzzled me for a minute because it was right next to some African Primitives and so closely resembled them that, as I say, I was puzzled, because the object was familiar, yet strange. The object, after he had unravelled it with an air of elfin glee, turned out to be an old bicycle seat and a pair of handle bars which he had picked up in an alley. By God, it did have an air. It was ART! Which proves that he is a great artist because he can make something out of nothing or at least next to nothing.

"After he had shown me around his place, which is quite large and full of the most fascinating things—pictures, pictures, pictures, sculps, odds and ends hidden away in corners, peculiar looking stoves, a weird looking dog that has a distinct resemblance to a Bactrian camel (one hump), a very modern bathroom with two identical wash-bowls, a white pigeon (with angry red eyes) which flew out of a corner with a great fluttering of wings and startled me considerably, and cobwebs—after I had seen all this, I broached the problem of food, asking whether he was getting enough. He shrugged a French shrug, so I said I would be back in a minute and dashed back to my hotel and returned with some edibles from our rations including a can of Nescafe and some soap and some toilet paper (French toilet paper is either non-existent, an old telephone book, or as slick as a piece of cellophane). Picasso absolutely beamed and told me that I was the second American to give him Nescafe, the first having been Ernest Hemingway. So now it's me and Ernest.

"It became time for me to leave and I begged for a little something for us, and he produced the Hand and wrote what is on it and that is his present signature. I think it must indicate his present state of mind. Indecipherable. Except that he is happy, and after I had walked down the stairs and out into the bright sunshine, I began feeling like a heel because trading a can of coffee for an original Picasso is the depths of something and I have been feeling a little uneasy ever since. Shows you what a state one gets into after being in this scrounger's paradise for two months.

"And that is the story of Picasso."

MRS. H. H. BOYESEN.

New York, N. Y.

Superstition in Christian Ethic

SIR: I cannot refrain from writing to you to express at the very least a mild protest over an article that appeared in your publication on December Second entitled "Back to Witchcraft." For all of its smart writing it had large defects which could have been avoided by even an elementary knowledge of moral theology. Superstition in the Christian ethic is not merely foolish, it is sinful—it violates the virtue of religion. To link "charms, dream books, potions, elixers" and the like with the spirituality of Sienkiewicz in "Quo Vadis," or Werfel in "The Song of Bernadette," is to fall into the age-old error that a pear is a pair merely because it sounds like one.

However, what annoys me more than any of this quite hopeless confusion between the occult and the supernatural is the reactionary attitude of the piece in general. He is utterly reactionary (no other word will do), in his nineteenth-century complacency regarding the independence and omnipotence of science and he quite paradoxically condemns some of modern science's greatest names. Notice these expressions: "The poorly educated mind always seeks aid from the supernatural." (All the illiterates from St. Augustine to Newman.) ". . . the magic cure of Lourdes—certainly an unacceptable phenomenon to the scientifically trained mind." (Rest well, Dr. Carrel.) ". . . eminent divines and other impressionable souls." (Think of the ones you know.) Most of us were convinced that this sort of drivel had long ago been put to rest, but there are evidently some people still around with a happy confidence in the tenets of strict materialism and no knowledge of men or history to disconcert them.

I have never considered *The Saturday Review* to be in any strict sense a publication dedicated to the dissemination of Christian Doctrine, but I have always thought of it as opposed to misrepresentation, confusion, and especially reaction.

Mr. North ends by saying, "the results of ignorance . . . lie all about us in a shattered world." Indeed they do, and Mr. North can do his bit by cleaning house.

FRANCIS J. LALLY.

Wellesley, Mass.

De Minimum?

SIR:

Tut, tut, Mr. Printer, and Proofreader, too,
This error must surely be charged against you—
Such Latin could never have lodged in the brain
Of Ephraim Tutt or biographer Train.
"A minimum slip of the type?" Granted, but
De minimis semper curat Mr. Tutt.

EVA MATTHEWS SANFORD.

Sweet Briar College, Virginia

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A regrettable confusion on the part of the Editors is responsible for the error in last week's* SATURDAY REVIEW *through which the answer to Double-Crostic No.* 561 *appeared in the same issue as the puzzle itself, in place of the answer to No.* 560. *The answers to both last week's and the preceding week's appear below.*

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 560)

ADAMS:
THE SHAPE OF BOOKS TO COME

Never before as now, I suppose, have men felt so deeply and so strongly the need for belief in man and man's capacity. And nowhere, surely, can that belief be better fostered and more effectively maintained than in the books men write.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 561)

WILL DURANT:
CAESAR AND CHRIST

There is no greater drama in human record than the sight of a few Christians . . . building order while their enemies generated chaos, . . . fighting the sword with the Word, . . . and at last defeating the strongest state history has known.

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USSR for Young Americans

MADE IN THE USSR. By William C. White. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 159 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

IF William C. White is not now teaching school, American children are short a model teacher. He has the rare knack of instructing the young simply, clearly, and interestingly. His pedagogy is effortless. It is devoutly to be hoped that there is in Russia a Soviet author who will write for his young compatriots a comparably appealing and valuable book called "Made in the U.S.A."

> Made in the USSR [Mr. White explains] is a book for American children about Russian art and customs, and even more about the Russian people . . . I have tried to keep the balance between Old and New. I have tried to outline those forces created by the Revolution which have molded new generations and at the same time to point out the influences which have determined the development of the Russian people through their history.

There are a number of colorful chapters in "Made in the USSR," none more so than the one entitled "The Ikons." Here the author tells the story of Russia's religion from the day when the heathen Russ imported the religion of Constantinople down to today's restricted religious worship in the embattled Soviet Union. Into the story he weaves the development of the Byzantine culture which the Russ took over along with the "richness and magnificence" of Constantinople's religion.

The chapter headed "Village Handiwork" does a great deal more than describe Russian needlecraft, lacquered woodware, handmade cotton prints, and other traditional products of the skilled artisans of the U.S.S.R. It takes the young reader on a tour of pre-Revolutionary farms and village homes and gives him a close-up of the extra-urban customs, superstitions, and way of life in Czarist Russia. Of the villages the author says that "poverty and ignorance were once everywhere among them, yet the men and women of the villages reached a level of artistic development not surpassed by people in more advanced and more prosperous lands."

A similar technique is applied to the chapters on leather, silver, and rugs. The story of the leather craft of Kazan serves as a framework for the history of the Tatars, their legends, and their Oriental culture that proved so influential in Russia's past. In inspecting the ancient silver work of the Caucasus, the reader has a good look

at the picturesque mountaineers of the region, their fleet horses, their gay festivals, and the folklore of their lofty mountain peaks. In showing American boys and girls the rugs of Bokhara, the author calls up old memories of the Mohammedan nomads of Turkestan and their grass-hunting caravans of sheep and camels. One of the primeval tales of Turkestan concerns the founder of "a people called the *Indiani,* who lived in tents as we do and who are almost as brave as we are." The "almost as brave" tent-dwellers were the early red men of our own continent.

Mr. White compares Siberia to our unsettled West of seventy years ago. "The Siberiaks, in their open-handedness, their self-reliance, their talks and folklore, their love of adventure, and their skill with the rifle, in many ways resemble the range-riders, the ranchers, and the other colorful people of our own West." The chapter on Siberia touches American history in many interesting ways, the young reader will find. Thwarted by the ice of the Arctic Sea, Henry Hudson turned back and sailed west instead of east. Captain Bering explored the easternmost coast of Siberia and Russians settled Alaska.

Siberia's role as a prison for exiles is contrasted with the part that this great modern industrial region has played in the war against Germany. At the time of the defense of Moscow the hardy Siberiaks astonished the Muscovites by washing themselves out of doors, covering themselves with icy water, and rubbing themselves with snow. "What mild weather you have here," they said pleasantly. "And such warm snow!"

The author outlines for American boys and girls the development of Russian painting, music, and the ballet. In each case he brings the art up to date in the present war. He stresses the music of Shostakovich and cites the Red officer who answered: "The ballet is one of the things we are fighting to preserve."

In his chapter on tractors Mr. White sketches the intensive modernization of agriculture achieved by the Soviet Government between 1930 and 1940. "Tractors, plowing through the mud of Russian roads, dragging steel plows over Russian fields, are as much a result of the Russian Revolution as was the change in government." Speaking in similar vein of the dynamo, he explains: "To the older generation many Soviet changes were abrupt and unpleasant. But the new generation, who found that life under the new regime was far better than in their father's time, loyally supported the Soviet government. When the Nazis attacked Russia in 1941, men, women, boys, and girls jumped proudly to the defense of their Soviet land." Modern photographs help make graphic the way of life in revolutionized Russia.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. R. Browning: The morning's at seven . . .
2. Wordsworth: Earth has not anything to show more fair.
3. Kingsley: Three fishers went sailing out into the west.
4. Keats: O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms. . . .
5. Thayer: It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day.
6. Southey: It was a summer evening. . . .
7. Noyes: There's a barrel-organ caroling across the golden street. . . .
8. Frost: Something there is that doesn't love a wall.
9. E. Browning: How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
10. Longfellow: Tell me not in mournful numbers. . . .
11. Holmes: Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay. . . .
12. Cowper: John Gilpin was a citizen. . . .
13. Milton: Hence, loathed Melancholy!
14. Tennyson: Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
15. Carman: There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood.
16. Suckling: Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
17. Shelley: I met a traveler from an antique land. . . .
18. Beers: "All quiet along the Potomac," they say. . . .
19. Lear: The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea. . . .
20. Carroll: The sun was shining on the sea. . . .

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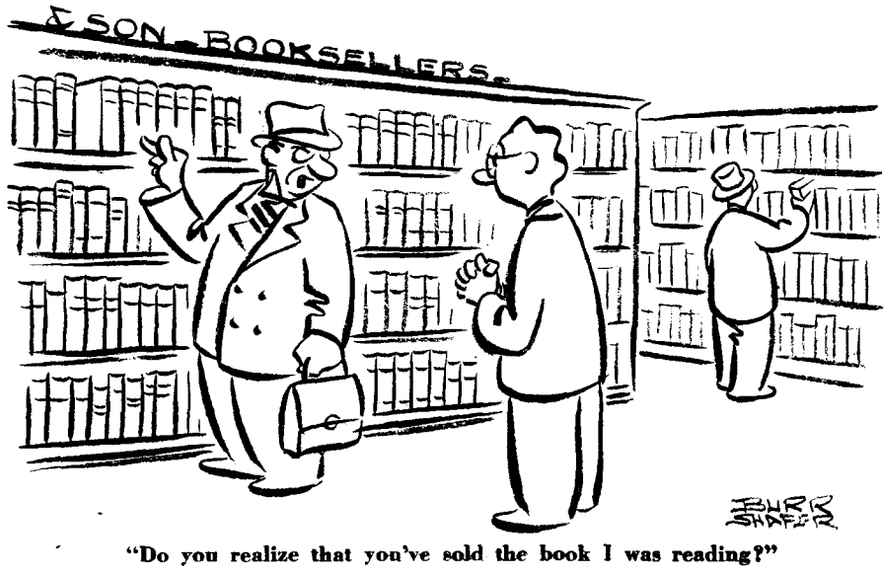
TRADE Winds

THERE WILL hardly be a more engrossing or illuminating book about this war than John Mason Brown's "Many a Watchful Night" (Whittlesey House). Lieut. Brown is naturally bent on seeing that the Navy gets full credit for its magnificent part in the invasion of Europe, and this he accomplishes in full measure. The man who emerges as the most inspiring hero of the book, however, is no Navy officer at all, but General Omar Bradley. Any reader will understand why Bradley is the idol and inspiration of the entire Army. When he first landed on a Normandy beachhead there was no official car awaiting him. This three-star General literally hitchhiked to the advance line.

"General Bradley," writes Brown, "goes in for none of the tawdrier dramatics with which military authority can exhibit itself. No flourishings of side-arms, no yodelings at those who cannot answer back, no bullying, and no swagger. Just the unchallengeable authority, imperceptibly exerted, of a good, patient man who is a master at his job and genuinely cares for his men. . . . When Bradley jerked his right thumb at passing jeeps, his dark eyes alight with the hope of all hitchhikers, drivers would suddenly recognize him, and come to a jarring halt. 'Won't you have my seat, sir?' a private or sergeant would ask. 'No, son,' the General would reply, swinging onto the running board and giving the boy a pat on the shoulder. 'You're much more tired than I am. I just wanted to see how things are getting along here. Go ahead.' Then he'd stand on the running board for five minutes or so, finding out what he wanted to know before swinging down, investigating an outpost, and hitchhiking his way on the next vehicle to come along." . . .

QUITE A MAN, General Bradley! That goes for Lieutenant Brown, too. The day he joined the *SRL* board was a happy one for the rest of the staff! . . . Brown will also conduct the weekly radio program, "Of Men and Books," over CBS on Saturdays at two. . . . The *World-Telegram* has exercised every wile to persuade him to resume the post of drama critic that he left vacant when he accepted a commission in the Navy; the ante goes up every time he says no. . . . In his absence the *World-Telegram* drama page has gone into eclipse. Burton Rascoe is a master of the well-turned phrase, but he has no bump of direction. Compare his reviews with those of every other critic in town and it becomes obvious that three times out of four he goes to the wrong theater. . . .

THE FIRST BEST-SELLER of 1945 undoubtedly will be John Steinbeck's "Cannery Row," a direct return to the style and spirit of "Tortilla Flat." It is an altogether delightful book; Steinbeck has never created more memorable characters than Doc, Mack, and Hazel; one chapter describing a wonderful frog hunt is worth ten times the price of admission. Occasionally you may feel that the whole fabric is a bit too deliberately contrived, too consciously planned to recapture the "Tortilla Flat" mood. And the chapters devoted to Dora and her house of shame seem surprisingly maudlin and corny for a man of Steinbeck's stature. This is quibbling over trifles, however. You'll have to read "Cannery Row." Look in particular for the chapter describing the death of the great humorist, Josh Billings. . . . I also remember gleefully the soliloquy of a drunken captain: "My wife is a wonderful woman. Most wonderful woman. Ought to 'ave been a man. If she was a man I wouldn' of married her." . . .



"Do you realize that you've sold the book I was reading?"

WILLIAM L. WHITE'S "They Were Expendable" was one of the very best books of the year 1942. The same author's "Report on the Russians" may well prove to be one of the very worst of the year 1945. White spent five weeks in Russia last summer as a member of the Eric Johnston party, but it is obvious from the parts of his story already printed in *Reader's Digest* that his mind was made up about the Soviets long before he first set foot on Russian soil. His report sounds very much like the sort of thing you might expect from the president of the Ladies' Temperance Union on a wild night at McSorley's Saloon. White is surprised at the lack of gaiety, the absence of "striking storefronts and well-arranged window displays," the paucity of the Muscovite bills-of-fare. He attributes most of the drabness to "lack of competition." It does not seem to occur to him that Russia has been engaged in a fearful struggle for existence for over three years, that a Nazi army penetrated to the very border of Moscow itself, that the Russian people have suffered privations of every sort in order to win this war, and are tired to death. . . . I spent several weeks in Russia in 1934 myself. I found many things that struck me as intolerable, but the people themselves were wonderful, and their supreme faith in the Soviet Government seemed in considerable measure justified. By American standards their factories, hospitals, stores, and hotels were, of course, primitive and inefficient, but the point is that, until the war broke out, they were getting better all the time. . . . The Russian people are extraordinarily quick to sense a hostile attitude on the part of visiting Americans. They probably spotted William White's attitude within an hour of his arrival, and reacted accordingly. In fact, an AP dispatch from Moscow, dated December 15, reports that a new comedy called "Mr. Perkins' Mission to the Land of the Bolsheviks" has "tickled the town and injected a shot of laughing-gas into Russian-American relations." Mr. Perkins is a Chicago sausage king who has come to Russia to "see Mr. Stalin and learn the weaknesses there must be in his system." The villain is an American journalist who tags behind Perkins, always skeptical and sneering at Russian character and accomplishments. His millionaire patron finally disowns him, saying, "The only weak-

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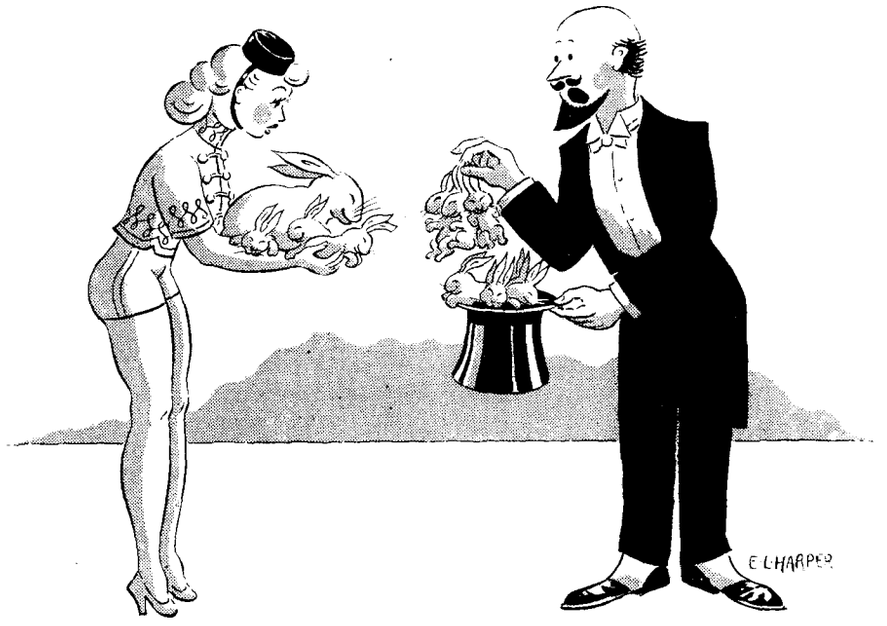

"I knew this would happen some day!"

ness I've found in the Soviet system is that it doesn't know its own strength." When William White heard this story, he told a *Herald Tribune* reporter, "A sense of humor on both sides of the Atlantic is a healthy thing at this time. I hope the play is a success. I won't sue." . . . This undoubtedly will reassure Joe Stalin. Mr. White might reflect meanwhile that it is precisely such prejudiced and deliberately angled reports as his that make Soviet officials and censors so eternally suspicious of the foreign journalists quartered in their midst. . . .

ONE OF DUELL, SLOAN, AND PEARCE'S ads for Bill Steig's cartoon album, "Small Fry," showed a cocky young sprout puffing blissfully on a cheroot. This enraged a reader in New Jersey, who admonished the publishers: "You should forever avoid pictures of this sort. Never refer in advertising to tobacco, liquor, coffee, tea, or colas. Tobacco contains some of the most deadly poisons known to science. Your sense of smell should tell you how bad it is. About two years ago, before I stopped smoking, my little granddaughter refused to sit on my lap. She said, 'You 'mell bad.' ". . . 8 to 1 the gentleman 'mells just as bad this very minute. . . . Sterling North and Yasha Frank have written a play called "Margaret" that will be produced shortly by Alexander Ince. Sterling says it's about "a woman in all her component parts." . . . Helen Hoke is the new juvenile editor of Reynal & Hitchcock. . . . *Tide* reports that the Doubleday, Doran book stores plan to sell phonograph records after the war. Pocket Book salesmen will be carrying outside lines long before that. . . .

MORRIS ERNST, well-known New York attorney, has been approached to act as editor of a volume of newspaper columns by famous journalists that were never printed because of political or personal reasons. The volume would feature Winchell's open letter to Churchill omitted by the *New York Mirror* on December 11, Heywood Broun's unprinted classics on the Sacco-Vanzetti case (the cause of his ultimate resignation from the *World*), certain pieces by Drew Pearson, and other material that made timid newspaper editors reach for their shears and blue pencils. . . .

GYPSY ROSE LEE, last of the red-hot Sixty-third Street mamas, is the star of a picture called "Belle of the Yukon" that will be at your neighborhood theater any minute. Harriet Van Horne reminds you that in this picture the Belle does not peel. . . . Two of the season's biggest play hits, "Dear Ruth" and "Anna Lucasta," will be published in book form by Random House. . . . Henry Wallace, next ex-v.p. of the U.S.A.—and a hero of Trade Winds—calls people who can't raise their own vegetables or tack up pictures on the wall "muscular illiterates." . . . Bill Sloane, heads-up editor of Henry Holt, has signed Bill Mauldin for a book of cartoons. Mauldin is one of the great new talents uncovered by this war. Watch for "Up Front with Mauldin" some time this spring. . . . A cotton-tail rabbit, nibbling thoughtfully at his evening carrot, noticed that his son was in a particularly jovial mood. "What makes Junior so happy?" he asked. Mama Rabbit explained, "He had a wonderful time in school today. He learned how to multiply." BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

You readers of EMILY HAHN'S CHINA TO ME may be puzzled by her passion for gibbons, especially if you don't know what they are. The gibbon is a small but Oh My ape. Galley-shaped, it belongs to the species Nijinski, and any similarity is entirely so. When it comes to mink-dyed muskrat, and skunk-dyed otter, the gibbon, with sometimes 2035 hairs per square centimeter, wins arms down—which is strange considering that it walks with its hands behind its head surrendered-prisoner like. Against the bosky green of our reception room, a gibbon would look very Henri Rousseau.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SHAKING the blood back into his numbing fingers, smiling his zipper smile, JOE E. BROWN autographed 1200 copies of YOUR KIDS AND MINE in two hours at Los Angeles' Bullocks. Two weeks later he gave a repeat performance at Los Angeles' Broadway, trembled out 1300 more Browns. Dried up were three fountain pens and the clientele of lingerie and sporting goods. What looked like a ration line was in truth a pilgrimage to YOUR KIDS & MINE and the charming MR. BROWN whose smile and good will are unrationed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

IN a recent article which appeared in the New York *Post,* BENNETT CERF, whose performance may be seen a little to our left, referred to MR. VAN H. CARTMELL as the Humphrey Bogart of the New York literary stage. But he did not mention that SRO (STANDING ROOM ONLY) is the fifth drama anthology they have done together. And anyway, CARTMELL thinks CERF is the Charlie McCarthy of the book world.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Contrary to the prevailing fashion of titles which have nothing to do with the printed matter inside, CARL W. DREPPERD'S PRIMER OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES is exactly what it says it is. An antique, according to DREPPERD'S glossary, is anything from acetarre to zoetrope, and the range is so wide that it makes every nostalgic attic prowler an antique collector. What is interesting is that man in his rush to meet the deadlines of history has found time to use things like gotchbelly, incroyable chairs, or even to kibosh. In fact this glossary is a world in itself.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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THE MORAL ATHLETE

(*Continued from page 4*)

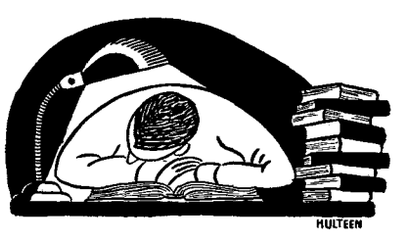
role. Because the love of God speaks with authority, it does not follow that it must speak all the time. With God and conscience forever looking over his shoulder, a man cannot devote himself to any interest, however innocent, with the absorption which is the condition of its satisfaction. To acknowledge God's authority it is not necessary to run to God with every little problem. It is as though a man should take the Supreme Court as his guide, philosopher, and friend. God and conscience, like the Supreme Court, take no cognizance of the greater part of life. It is their function to determine a general orientation and to define limits. Within these limits subordinate principles—the appetites, prudence, family love, communal loyalties, science, and art—must enjoy autonomy. Without that autonomy they cannot be fruitful of good, and the effect is to create a waste instead of orderly abundance.

The moral will divorced from its natural content, freed from accountability to the human desires which it is designed to serve, proceeds to extravagant lengths. It may lead to a masochistic pleasure of self-denial, or to the hoarding of a personal power which yields no good beyond its own subjective satisfactions. Aldous Huxley has described such a case:

> In a mild and spiritual way Herbert was very fond of his food. So was Martha—darkly and violently fond of it. That was why she had become a vegetarian, why her economies were always at the expense of the stomach—precisely because she liked food so much. She suffered when she deprived herself of some delicious morsel. But there was a sense in which she loved her suffering more than the morsel. Denying herself, she felt her whole being irradiated by a glow of power; suffering, she was strengthened, her will was wound up, her energy enhanced. The dammed-up instincts rose and rose behind the wall of voluntary mortification, deep and heavy with potentialities of force. In the struggle between the instincts Martha's love of power was generally strong enough to overcome her greed; among the hierarchy of pleasures, the joy of exerting the personal conscious will was more intense than the joy of eating even Turkish delight or strawberries and cream.

Excessively developed, and divorced from all positive goods, the moral will takes pride in its own negating, and flaunts it before the world. Deprived of natural delights, it retaliates by affecting to despise them. Instead of conceding the innocence of natural goods until they are proved guilty, it considers them as presumptively guilty since they have not proceeded from itself. Hence that strange fanaticism, vividly portrayed by Walter Scott, and pilloried with delicate restraint by Richard Hooker.

Fanaticism may assume many different forms, use different symbols, excite different emotions, formulate different ideologies, but whether it be the puritanism of the seventeenth century or the communism and fascism of the twentieth, its characteristic danger is the same. The measures taken to give a cause ascendancy, to



secure allegiance to its supremacy, beget a forgetfulness and reckless disregard of that concrete beneficence which originally commended it, or which at any rate constitutes the only ground on which it possesses a moral justification.

By a curious paradox the rigorism of the puritan evades the most serious difficulties of life. His effort takes the form of a kind of brute strength rather than of skill. The difficulties which he overcomes are forces rather than complexities—forces that can be overcome by a dead heave of the will, and with comparatively little discrimination or understanding. Puritanism *wills* hard rather than thinks hard. Similarly, the puritan's precisionism involves the minimum of intellectual difficulty. The casuistical application of rules, especially of rules that are codified and set down in an authoritative document, is perhaps the simplest form of morality, requiring only a few steps of inference. The rules may go against the grain, and their application may require an overcoming of temptation, it may be difficult to *do* what one ought to do; but to *discover* what one ought to do is comparatively easy.

It is only a small part of morality which can be subserved either by "main strength" or by the direct application of rules. Abstinence, yes; and punctuality. But temperance, wisdom, loyalty, friendship, happiness, justice, benevolence, liberty, peace—these are goods which require something more than overcoming, and something more than purity or scrupulousness. The supreme moral difficulties are similar to the difficulties of art, requiring judgment rather than exactness of power. Strength of will divorced from the art of its judicious application leads to brutality; and rules divorced from the purpose which justifies and interprets them lead to pedantry.

If it is fair to exhibit the puritan's defects, it is also fair to remember, here as elsewhere, those opposite defects which he condemned—to remember them is to feel some sympathy with the puritan's excessive reaction. He regarded his opponents much as the youthful athlete of today regards the libertine. The lack of moral control, whether due to infirmity of will or to violence of emotion, translates itself from age to age into different terms.

The puritan of the seventeenth century had the effect of "bracing character in a period of relaxation." He stood for "the lit lamp" and "the loins girt" against the indulgence and improvidence of his times. That he should have specifically attacked drunkenness, sexual looseness and perversion, the brutality of sport, licentiousness at carnivals and feasts, dancing, card-playing, was in some degree a historical accident. These may or may not remain the most conspicuous symptoms of moral weakness. If not, then others have superseded them. There is always a loose living in some sense, a laxity, a shortsightedness, a recklessness of passion, a narrow preoccupation with the immediate satisfaction, an inordinate fondness for physical pleasures. "Self-indulgence" is a term of reproach under any code, since it implies an indifference or resistance to that code as such, whatever code it be. Therefore he who takes arms against puritanism must consider that by so doing he gives aid and comfort to the puritan's enemy, who is in some sense also his own.

The puritan's rigorism contains, then, an important element of moral truth, both in that which it champions and in that which it opposes. He may with perfect right be made to serve as the symbol of that which he made peculiarly his own, and for which he sacrificed residual and compensating truths. So to use the puritan does not contradict the sober judgment which discovers his faults. Symbolism is not sober judgment; it is a simplification and subordination of the concrete complexity in order to point a moral. Its one-sidedness is overcome by the use of other symbols. The moral pantheon as a whole corrects the one-sided cults of its component deities: the worship of Zeus and Ares is mitigated by the

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worship of Athena, Aphrodite, and Apollo.

In his insistence upon the importance of salvation, the puritan symbolizes the choice of a supreme good and its preference over all other goods. Conceived as a moral athlete, the puritan symbolizes the enthronement of such a preëminent good—its control of the appetites, its practical ascendancy over intermediate goods, and its scrupulous regulation of conduct. He represents that inflexible adherence to creed which will always appear as fanaticism or obstinacy to more balanced minds—as the faith of the early Christians appeared to their more cultivated pagan contemporaries. He represents the ruthless subordination of every lesser consideration to the one thing needful. The puritan was single-minded—which is, in effect, to be narrow-minded. He stripped for battle by divesting himself of wordly attachments, he economized his spiritual resources by reducing his appetitive liabilities, he tempered his will in the fire of enthusiasm.

Such an ancestor may properly be worshiped in those recurrent periods of individual and social reform when there is an ominous sound as of surf on the rocks. The puritan, said Stuart Sherman,

> comes aboard, like a good pilot; and while we trim our sails, he takes the wheel and lays our course for a fresh voyage. His message when he leaves us is not, "Henceforth be masterless," but, "Bear thou henceforth the sceptre of thine own control through life and the passion of life." If that message still stirs us as with the sound of a trumpet, and frees and prepares us, not for the junketing of a purposeless vagabondage, but for the ardor and discipline and renunciation of a pilgrimage, we are Puritans.

The puritan sailed his ship in the open seas. Despite his cult of moral vigor, he was not a moral introvert. He did not confine himself within his moral gymnasium, but used his strength out of doors, in the world. He pursued his calling, and he participated in the public life of his time and place. In the wars and revolutions precipitated by the Protestant Reformation he assumed the role of statesman and soldier. From this school of discipline came men who were notable for doing what they soberly and conscientiously resolved to do, despite temptations and obstacles—such men as William the Silent, Admiral Coligny, John Knox, Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, and our New England ancestors. The puritans imprinted on English and American institutions a quality of manly courage, self-reliance, and sobriety. We are still drawing upon the reserves of spiritual vigor which they accumulated.

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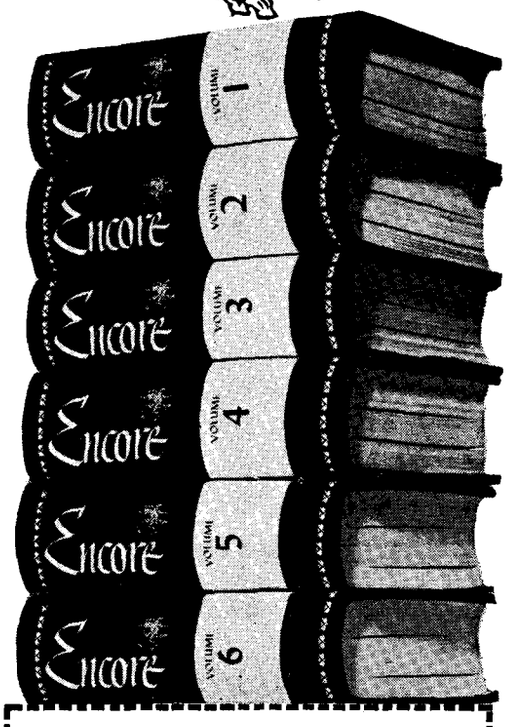

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the Phoenix Nest

I HAVE thought of a new kind of stunt which may or may not prove interesting: the writing of "Leave Out" couplets. What is left out will usually be a proper name. Here is my

LEAVE OUT, NO. 1

War's high-tide rages; and still ——
Wrangles and wrangles with the War
Labor Board.

I will print only really good ones, if and as they are submitted. I will print no explanations.

Do you—as you should—remember "Ziba" by James Pipes, that highly exciting book of poems inspired by the conversation and tall tales of Louisiana Negroes? Anent the name "Ziba," Georgina S. Townsend of Santa Monica, California, tells me:

> It is a name I have never seen used except as by my grandfather, Ziba Woodworth Boyce of North Fayston, Vermont, who was born in 1812 and died in 1876. He was a minor Vermont poet of the early 60's and a nephew of Samuel Woodworth of "Old Oaken Bucket" fame. I find it used but once in the Bible —because it is such an unusual and unused name it has always held a certain amount of mystery for me, although I believe its meaning is "a husbandman." My grandfather was that, and a successful one, as well as a poet, a member of the State Legislature, and a grandson of Jonathan Palmer, one of the Green Mountain Boys under Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga.

Speaking of mysterious names, you should recall Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem of the two men of all mankind that he wished to know more about; but that, despite "forever thinking on," he could no further locate. The middle two verses go:

Melchizedek, he praised the Lord,
And gave some wine to Abraham;
But who can tell what else he did
Must be more learned than I am.

Ucalegon, he lost his house
When Agamemnon came to Troy;
But who can tell me who he was—
I'll pray the gods to give him joy.

So the names Melchizedec and Ucalegon chased the great poet everywhere, until he too died and became for us a man of quite as infinite mystery.

And then Mrs. Townsend's speaking of Ticonderoga reminded me of the Camerons, and Robinson's poem "The March of the Cameron Men," and Robert Louis Stevenson's poem, "Ticonderoga." Stevenson says he first heard the Ticonderoga legend from a man of letters "there in roaring London's central stream." The two clans of Campbells and Camerons lay claim to it; but he says that the Camerons only must be allowed. I wish I had written that legend of the western Highlands in the great verse R. L. S. brought to it. It concerns the plighted troth that may not be broken. If more heed were given to such troths today—the parable of this story—it might be a better world. The name left to the clansman, by the warning of the dead, was the name "Ticonderoga." Over all the world he sought the name:

"Many a name have I heard," he thought,
"In all the tongues of men,
Full many a name both here and there,
Full many both now and then.
When I was at home in my father's house
In the land of the naked knee,
Between the eagles that fly in the lift
And the herrings that swim in the sea,
And now I am a captain-man
With a braw cockade in my hat—
Many a name have I heard," he thought,
"But never a name like that."

But finally he fought at the place, and "sleeps in the place of the name." In the first part of the ballad, when the Stewart is fleeing from the Cameron he killed, what a gorgeous verse is here:

Out over cairn and moss
Out over scrog and scaur,
He ran as runs the clansman
That bears the cross of war.
His heart beat in his body,
His hair clove to his face,
When he came at last in the gloaming
To the dead man's brother's place.
The east was white with the moon.
The west with the sun was red,
And there, in the house-doorway,
Stood the brother of the dead.

Boy! That's writing!

From an Army Captain in Italy, who had his eye caught by a sentence of mine in our Anniversary Issue, comes the following. His name is David Streger, and it seems that I had said, "I like the human race, and in many ways I intensely admire human beings; but sometimes I think their taste most execrable." Captain Streger writes in rhythm:

Then come, Benét, and learn how well you spoke:
how much the human race should be admired:
how execrable its taste can really be!
(Do not be hesitant because you had in mind its taste in poems; your words apply.)
Let us regard this monastery, built
by men who wished to save their fellow men.
One rightfully admires those who raise such structures to their God: this edifice
had strength, had beauty, had inspiring charm.
But if you look at it more closely yet up here—that is Cassino down below—
you see the shell-gnawed shredded stones,
the terrifying havoc done by those who also wished to save their fellow men.
You must complete the picture mentally,
imagining where once the tower stood or is it needless to go on—now that you know just how diverse men's tastes can be?

Earle Walbridge says he is not yet an initiate of the National Fan Fantasy Federation. "Just what *is* stefnic and stfan?" But he has the manuscript ready for a book double the size of his "Literary Characters Drawn from Life" (Wilson, 1936). He says that

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parts of H. F. (Gerald) Heard's "The Great Fog and Other Weird Tales" (Vanguard) [someone made off with my own copy!] should delight the Federation:

> Much impressed by "Dromenon," the story of a scientist who explores a cathedral and gets caught in a cosmic dance, I noted down some of its opposite numbers, like the climax of "The Succubus" in Balzac's "Contes Drôlatiques," and William Bell Scott's "The Witch's Ballad," which I nominate for reprinting entire in *Encore*.
>
> Drawn up I was right off my feet,
> Into the mist and off my feet,
> And dancing on each chimney-top
> I saw a thousand darling imps,
> Keeping time with skip and hop.
>
> Perhaps you remember, in *Pearson's Magazine* of 1900 or thereabouts, George Griffith's "A Honeymoon in Space," with striking pictures by the same Stanley Wood who illustrated the Captain Kettle stories. The depiction of the *Astronef* boring its way through some Martian airships won a grunt of approval from Fletcher Pratt when I showed it to him at a Baker Street Irregular convention. The heroine was Zaidee (an Amurrican) and the plane engineer's name was Murgatroyd. *Now* do you remember? The pictures of the moon and its inhabitants were ghastly as all get-out.

John Frederick Nims, who teaches at Notre Dame and has paid especial attention to the English drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well as winning a number of prizes for his poetry, which I find the most exciting of the work written by younger men, writes from South Bend:

> In this day of momentous debate, I don't like to start a controversy about Anthony (not Antony) Brewer. But I am afraid that Mr. Walbridge is wrong on two points: Brewer's name and the date of his "flourishing." The entry in the Stationers' Register (June 20, 1655) is as follows: "A booke called The Love-sick King, an English tragicall history with the life & death of Cartis Mundy [Cartesmunda] the faire Nunne of Winchester. Written by Anthony Brewer, gent." And the title-page of the 1655 edition attributes the play to "Anth. Brewer, Gent." The name *is* Anthony; Mr. Walbridge is apparently basing his "Antony" on Kirkman's inaccurate ascription in the play-lists of 1661 and 1671. Mr. Walbridge's assumption that the obscure Brewer "was flourishing in 1655, when he published a play in verse" is also misleading. The play was published in that year; but, in the seventeenth century, authors often had nothing to do with the publication of their work: everybody knows that some of Shakespeare's plays were not printed until many years after his death. There is evidence (see E. K. Chambers, "The Elizabethan Stage," III, 237) that "The Love-sick King" was written nearly half a century before it was published, so that if Brewer was "flourishing" in 1655, it must have been in another world.

Mary Gnaedinger, the editor of *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, published by Popular Publications, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, has sent me two issues of that periodical, one containing a reissue of Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday," and one of Cutcliffe Hyne's "The Lost Continent." All stories in the magazine are either new or have never before appeared *in a magazine*. I am delighted with this, to me the best of all the "pulps."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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The Crostics Club

THIS column today shall be devoted to DCer refrains somewhat overdue: Last spring Mrs. S. W. Bradstreet, Pasadena, shared with me a Dedicatory Poem accompanying a copy of the "Oxford Companion to English Literature," a Mothers' Day gift from her husband and daughter. Two stanzas run thus:

Egged on by Kingsley you ask us who wrote it,
Who said it, who was it, who won it;
We'd give you the answer, verbatim we'd quote it,
Except we're engrossed in Whodunit.
So now with this tribute to your blest maternity
And for our own egos' ease—
We stress the first rule of the scholars' fraternity—
Look for yourself—and D.C.'s. (Note that pun?)

ODE TO A DOUBLE-CROSTIC by Edith Garfield Blanchard, Tuckahoe, N. Y.:

The hours I've spent with you, my friend,
Surprisingly laid end to end,
Would give me time, I'm certain, comma,
To build a jeep, if not a bomma.

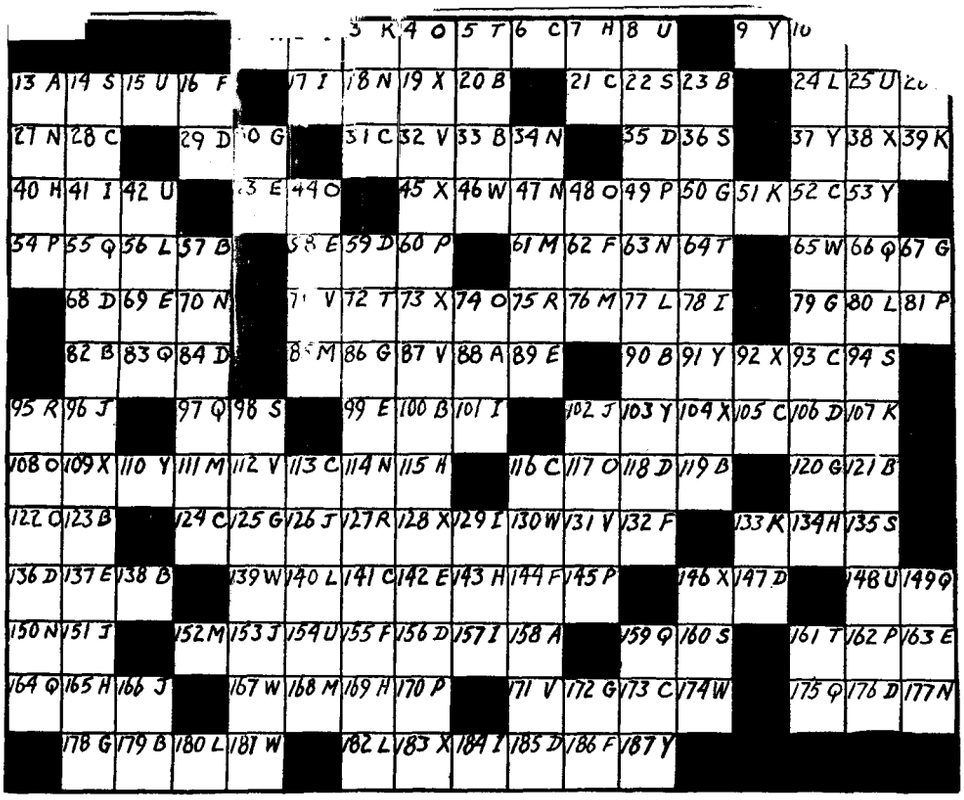
THAT NO. 553 by Mrs. Clark T. Roberts, Angola, N. Y.:

Of course we all worked it,
Not a Fan among us shirked it,
And in all the DC following, you couldn't find a kicker;
But was it gremlin, elf or pixie
That contrived the tricksy "mixie"
And of our Double-Crostic made a double cross sticker?

Johanna C. Colcord is one of our earliest and most loyal followers. Hence it is with especial interest I quote from *The Publishers' Weekly:* "Cornell Maritime Press will publish December 18, 'Sea Language Comes Ashore,' a guide and discussion of sea terms which have made their way into common American usage. The author, a descendant of five generations of New England sea captains, is Johanna Carver Colcord, who was herself born at sea and spent her childhood in sailing ships. Felix Cornell, the publisher, intends to advertise 'Sea Language Comes Ashore' in many newspapers and magazines." At Miss Colcord's home in New York a few years ago I met two other DCers, a recent Harvard graduate, who had helped his roommate solve DC's (the roommate chanced to be a nephew of a college classmate and friend of mine); the other, a social worker, graduate of Michigan University, who regaled me with memories of the late Professor Mortimer Cooley's great personality.

Swordfish for its *w* and its *h* is a realistic DC word, as well as being a delectable mouthful, but its ordinary definition would give it to you at once. Hence the glee with which I discovered the existence of a southern constellation by that name, called *Dorado.*

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 562

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. An important grain crop in temperate regions.
B. To cause to quarrel and be at strife (4 wds.)
C. Without a backbone or spinal column; weak-willed.
D. Surname of El Greco (Spanish).
E. Poet laureate of Eng. (1757; "School for Lovers").
F. To implant deep.
G. Imperfect pronunciation of the letter *l.*
H. Kind of shepherd's pipe or flageolet.
I. Printed in big letters (Comp. adj.)
J. Person, real or mythical, from whom a race, city, etc., derives its name.
K. Peevish; petulant.
L. Scene of battle, Dec. 26, 1776 (Amer. Revol.)
M. English philosopher (1588-1679; "Leviathan").
N. Coming from outward causes; superadded.
O. Hungarian violinist, composer, conductor (1855-1922; Boston Symphony, 1889-93).
P. English river in N. Derbyshire, into the Trent; also two others in England.
Q. Queen or Mother Goddess (Brythonic-Welsh Myth.)
R. Speech of Negro group on the lower Niger related to Yoruba.
S. Breed of dogs named for monster in Gr. Myth., half lion, half eagle.
T. Nineteenth Pres. of the U. S.
U. Easily offended; irascible.
V. At random; hit or miss.
W. A huntsman turned into a stag by Diana and torn to pieces by his own hounds.
X. Pseudonym of authors of a series of so-called dime novels in nineteenth century.
Y. Ordained by fate; enjoined authoritatively.

WORDS

A.	88 1 13 158
B.	123 179 82 90 23 121 57 20 138 100 33 119
C.	124 93 173 141 113 6 105 31 28 21 116 52
D.	68 59 84 35 136 147 156 176 185 118 106 29
E.	99 137 43 58 163 69 11 142 89
F.	186 16 155 62 144 132
G.	86 79 178 67 172 50 120 30 125
H.	115 169 40 7 165 134 143
I.	17 12 2 41 78 129 101 184 157
J.	151 126 153 96 166 102
K.	133 10 39 3 51 107
L.	182 140 180 80 56 24 77
M.	168 76 61 85 111 152
N.	114 63 150 70 47 18 27 34 177
O.	48 122 74 4 44 108 117
P.	81 49 145 54 60 162 170
Q.	164 83 55 149 66 175 159 97
R.	95 75 127
S.	94 135 14 36 160 98 22
T.	26 72 64 161 5
U.	25 15 154 8 148 42
V.	171 32 112 131 87 71
W.	65 139 167 130 174 46 181
X.	38 92 45 19 73 183 104 146 109 128
Y.	187 37 9 110 103 91 53

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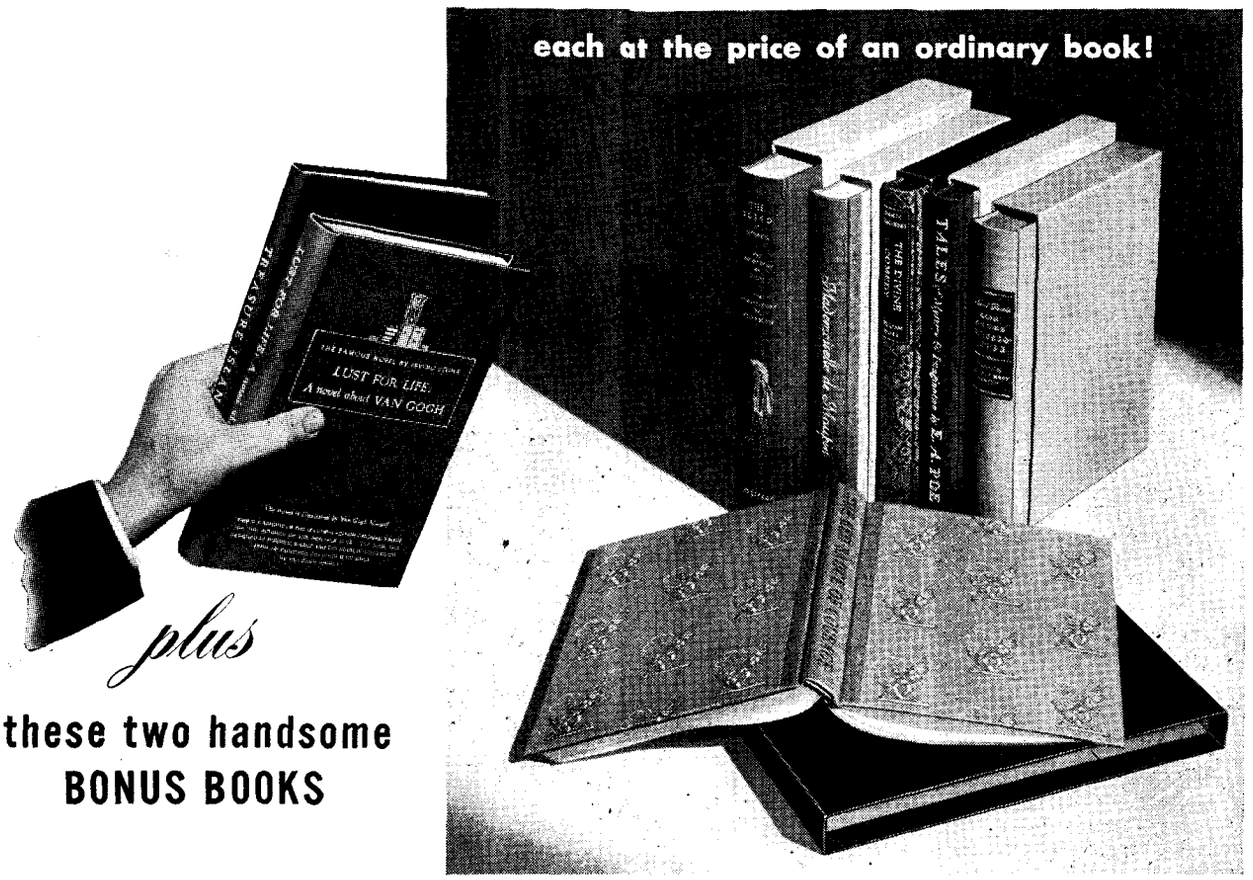

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